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THE HON. MRS. H. N. FANE.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Hon. Mrs. H. N. Fane .. .. .	245, 246
The War Against Insects .. .. .	246
Country Notes .. .. .	247
Chinese Animal Painting, by Sidney Colvin. (Illustrated) .. .. .	249
The Blind Shepherd, by Violet Jacob .. .. .	252
The Expedition of the British Ornithologists' Union to the Snow Mountains of New Guinea: V.—Reports of Further Progress and of a Grant from His Majesty's Government of £4,000, by W. R. Ogilvie-Grant. (Illustrated) .. .. .	253
Tales of Country Life: The Maid and the Money, by Tickner Edwards .. .. .	255
A Hunting Trip in Cassiar, by P. N. Graham. (Illustrated) .. .. .	257
Wild Country Life, by H. A. Bryden .. .. .	261
Country Home: Boyton House. (Illustrated) .. .. .	262
The Red Deer: Prospects and Retrospects .. .. .	268
Preservation of Alaskan Fur-seals, by R. Lydekker .. .. .	268
In the Garden. (Illustrated) .. .. .	269
Grouse on the Earl of Lonsdale's Moors. (Illustrated) .. .. .	271
Agricultural Notes .. .. .	273
Literature .. .. .	275
On the Green. (Illustrated) .. .. .	276
Kennel Notes .. .. .	277
Correspondence .. .. .	279
Rose and Pansy Borders; Architectural Copyright (Messrs. E. L. Lutvins, A. T. Bolton, E. Guy Dawber and C. F. A. Voysey); A Wild Squirrel (Mr. M. W. Sibthorp); Coccidiosis in Pheasants (Mr. Sydney Morris); Blue Eggs in a Tern's Nest (Mr. H. W. Robinson); A Late Nest; Old Sussex Cottage at Hankum (Mr. J. Coster); No Fruit, No Wasps (Mr. Eldred Walker); The Source of Three Rivers; A Grouse Feeding on Heather (Mr. C. Harrison Atkinson); Clematis Dying Off (Mr. C. S. Bieg).	

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## THE WAR . . . AGAINST INSECTS.

WHEN summer is on the wane, human anger at the little winged organisms of the house and field waxes to its highest pitch. It is now, when August 12th is past, that the open-air life of many is at the full, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more irritating than the ruin of a well-earned rest by the attacks of creatures so small that a microscope is required to see any of them. Yet that such things can be is testified by our correspondence, which shows that the "harvest bug" has been even more than usually active and aggressive this year. We use the name comprehensively. That the term includes several creatures of varied character is evident to the sufferer, who perceives has to make some sort of study of his bites. One lays eggs in the skin and raises hard, ugly lumps; another bites in the well-known fashion of the household flea, "but only more so"; one makes a tiny sore, another a blister, and so on. Much investigation has been made as to the habits and life-history of these creatures that take away so much from the pleasure of the lawn, the paddock, the orchard, the garden and the park; but so far only defensive tactics have been suggested. Usually the preventive measure is only a degree better than the disease. It is to anoint the clothes and body with some essential oil. One family swears by oil of cloves, and before venturing

to take a meal out of doors each member goes through a performance that suggests a pagan ritual, sprinkling a few drops on the socks or stockings and cuffs, so as to make the entrance disagreeable, and anointing the forehead and the neck. Others put oil of camphor in their baths or use oil of lavender or petronella. The last is the vilest smelling, but perhaps the most effective of all. We know of a man who has his tennis ground syringed with it daily, a very fine syringe being used, and the result has been effectually to turn the flank of the harvest bug. But if you go shooting in September you cannot water all the fields and woods with petronella, or scent the hills with it when you are with your merlins. In most outdoor sports a little essential oil used judiciously on the socks will ensure a moderate degree of comfort.

But that most abominable of all insect pests, the house-fly, laughs at ointment. Here, too, as it is scarcely necessary to say, we are using the phrase "house-fly" in a wide sense to cover a vast number of insects. Its problem is being eagerly studied. Fifty years ago and less the house-fly figured in the Victorian tradition as a humble but necessary family servant, occasionally a little too active to be sure, and therefore tending to become an annoyance, but one of the most valuable of scavengers, clearing away decaying matter to the music of its cheerful buzzing song. Modern science dissipated the pleasing illusion. In particular the researches into tropical medicine revealed characteristics and habits of various insects that brought the house-fly into grave suspicion, which was more than confirmed by subsequent enquiry. That it fed on garbage was evident; but so also became the fact that it could not help carrying away from decaying matter the germs of most deadly diseases. Observations made by physicians showed that at the English home-stead the house-fly was generally hatched out amid the garbage of manure-heaps, that it was born with an instinct so unerring for food that it would make direct from its loathsome place of birth to the dairy, the larder and the kitchen, where it immediately commenced a round of deadly pollution of the milk and other foodstuffs of the house. Speaking in very general terms, it was found to be the most dangerous and, therefore, the most expensive of scavengers. At various universities and other seats of learning the life-history of each of the multifarious creatures that we name the house-fly is being worked out. Medical officers of health are studying the facts, the officers of sanitary authorities are taking up the same line of research, and the results all point to one conclusion. Evidence is entirely against the house-fly. What remains is to decide how to get rid of it.

The reduction of the pest opens up the same sort of difficulty that has been experienced with regard to the rat, and, in the vegetable world, certain weeds. Various excellent and able plans of extermination have been propounded, but must prove of no avail unless worked in co-operation. It is comparatively of little use for one man to exterminate rats from his cellars and store-rooms, his stables and granaries, if they are allowed to breed freely in those of his neighbour. When they will recolonise the places whence they were extirpated is only a question of time. The farmer will hoe up his thistles in vain if, from ill-cultivated fields around, the autumn winds are allowed to make new and prodigious sowings. With regard to the fly, the case is very much the same, only there is a tendency at the moment to take stricter measures. This would necessitate, among other things, a more drastic treatment of the manure-heap that will probably affect farmhouses very closely. The old-fashioned farmer never could get his home too near the stables and sheds that accommodate his livestock. He liked his windows to look out on the cattle yard, from which the manure was simply tossed over the wall. We cannot describe this as an antiquated arrangement, because it is one of the commonest at the present moment. Theoretically, the Medical Officer of Health could condemn it, but in practice he does not do so, one of his ambitions being to lead a quiet life. He would carry little sympathy and invite much powerful antagonism if he attempted to enforce the letter of the law.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. H. N. Fane, formerly the Hon. Harriet Hepburn Stuart Forbes Trefusis, elder daughter of Lord Clinton. Her marriage took place on April 28th.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

## COUNTRY NOTES



ON another page will be found the fifth of our articles on the Expedition of the British Ornithologists' Union to the Snow Mountains of New Guinea. The story becomes more fascinating as it progresses. The communications from Mr. Goodfellow show how great are the difficulties that have to be surmounted, not the least of them being the fact that the natives are not found to be of the slightest assistance. It is also awkward that nobody understands their language, no white man having been among them before. They have likewise developed a turn for stealing, which is common enough among natives of their class. It will be learned with satisfaction that the first of the skins of the birds and mammals which have been collected have now been landed in Great Britain. It would be particularly welcome to our readers if there could be sent home from the expedition fuller particulars and photographs of the curious race of pigmies the discovery of which we announced in our number of June 4th.

With the article itself we have the pleasure to publish the announcement that His Majesty's Government has recognised the great national importance of this expedition by making it a grant of four thousand pounds. This will be a very great help towards the completion of the work, and as the expedition is opening up new land, new people and new resources, the grant is thoroughly justified on Imperial grounds. At the same time we publish a preliminary list of private subscribers to the fund. It has to be remembered that the expedition is being carried out at considerable expense and by men whose greatest riches lie in their knowledge. It was impossible to arrange it without contemplating the expenditure of very considerable sums of money, and we trust that public-spirited persons in private life will follow the example of the Government in doing something towards meeting the expenses. Sir Edward Grey, who in his private capacity takes the keenest interest in everything relating to the study of natural history, has set an excellent example.

The accounts sent in by our correspondents show that the Festival of St. Grouse was kept this year under ideal conditions. In most places the weather was dry, the atmosphere clear and a high wind blowing. The birds themselves are described as being at least up to a good average in numbers, and the majority strong and healthy, though in many cases rather wild for the opening day of the season. These are the conditions that one really wants on August 12th, as they make for healthy enjoyment of the sport. And nothing more is wanted. We do not think that at the present moment there is the keenness among sportsmen to make record bags that existed twenty years or so ago. The number of those who find a pastime in grouse-shooting has vastly increased, and among them has grown up the wholesome sense that, after all, the sport arises not from the number of birds actually killed, but from the joy one feels in being once more on the purple heather in the neighbourhood of the mountains with the sharp hill air blowing over them. These are the features that make grouse-shooting one of the best and most invigorating of all sports.

Now that the season of the grouse is upon us, it behoves all who pay attention to their corporal being to decide how this bird should be cooked. Those who are in doubt cannot do better than look up Professor Saintsbury on the subject. It is superfluous at this time of day to point out that Mr. Saintsbury in himself combines an unrivalled knowledge of English literature with a taste for cookery that would have delighted Rabelais, Fielding, or any other of its distinguished professors who united a taste for good verses with an appreciation of good cookery. Mr. Saintsbury is all for simple treatment. He will have his grouse "plainly and perfectly roasted." And even the accompaniments are not to be elaborate. Chipped or ribbon potatoes; the liver of the birds cooked separately, pounded and spread upon the toast on which they are served; no gravy; no bread-crumbs, which are often horribly ill-cooked; a bottle of claret, good, but not too good. This is the manner in which Professor Saintsbury would have us perform the solemn rite and ceremony of eating grouse; and he says that when the sacrifice has been performed in the manner he dictates, "a dewy sense of innocent worship" rewards the devotee.

The most delightful feature of the Royal Horticultural Society's show on Tuesday consisted of the water-lilies (*Nymphaea*), which were displayed in exquisite variation. It is many years since the French hybridist, M. Latour-Marliac, began his great work of crossing the more exotic species with those of the hardier race, thus bringing into being colours of great variety and beauty. Many of the blue types—*Zanzibarensis* and others—need the warm climate of the South of England, but probably there will be raised a hardy group of water-lilies in which the blue colour is predominant. We hope this colouring will be seen in all our counties, irrespective of climate.

### FROM A POLISH FOREST.

Come and wander in the forest, wander deep and wander far  
Till we reach the inmost stillness where the silver shadows are:  
Where upon green moss the lichens and the scented needles fall,  
Where the wind sings in the tree-tops and no worldly voices call:  
Squirrels rock among the branches, ferns and toad-stools deck the way,  
Come and wander, come and wander on this dark and silent day!

When the moon shows, elves will meet us, burning with a wild blue light,

While their unseen music holds us wonder-stricken in the night:  
All the toad-stools will be glowing, pale the hare-bell lantern's flame  
While in golden chariots riding we forget the way we came:  
There's a palace in the hollow where princesses laugh and sing,  
While eternal childhood dances in the heart's unending spring . . .

Come! my feet shall wear glass slippers and your hand shall hold my hand

Even though midnight ring, too loyal not to know and understand:  
Come! for we must face the dragon, armed with our enchanted sword,  
And the prison door shall open to the magic of a word:  
O the fairies are not dead yet, I can hear their voices still,  
Come and find them, come and find them, in the forest on the hill!

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

It is very striking just now to see the numbers who spend a part of their holidays cruising in Poole Harbour, Burnham-on-Crouch and other estuaries. And it is curious how very little our yacht clubs do to help the inexperienced cruiser. At Copenhagen there is an amateur sailing club in which the members are divided into two classes—experts and novices. The novices are taken out in the club boats by the experts and are instructed in all the branches of seamanship. After a time they can pass a practical test and themselves become experts. In addition to this, the club encourages proficiency by holding frequent regattas. In England the average yachtsman, if asked how he picked up his knowledge, talks vaguely about "knocking about" in a dinghy when he was a boy.

The "one-design" classes which are now so frequent on our coasts certainly encourage racing and limit the expense; but they do not attract the beginner to become a yachtsman unless he has a friend who will see him through his first difficulties. Still, they are a step in the right direction, since they aim at improving the man rather than the boat. For many years all energies have been devoted to bettering the boat, while the man has been left to improve himself as best he might. It would be better if some of the money that is spent by yacht clubs in providing cups for large artificial boats—for artificial they are, for all their beauty of form and design—were used in founding a club on the Danish lines. Such a scheme would benefit racer and cruiser alike by increasing the numbers of skilled amateur hands. By sacrificing everything to the big classes yachting tends towards the professionalism which is the



bane of many other sports, and the "novice" gets the idea that sailing is only an occupation for the rich.

We welcome with pleasure the forthcoming National Conference on Sea-training for Boys, which is to be held under the direction of the Navy League on October 21st. It is strange that under modern methods of administration those individuals who are in any way abnormal or unfit should be given a far better chance in the struggle for a livelihood than ordinary men. At any rate, boys who have offended against the law before their twenty-first birthday are often given a far better start in life after their discharge from reformatories than they would have obtained if they had not been convicted. This is especially the case with regard to sea-training, which at present is confined to boys who either are paupers or have undergone a period of detention in a reformatory. To remedy this the National Conference is being arranged. It will discuss schemes by which ordinary boys may be trained for the sea. Representatives will be sent by the Admiralty, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, various county councils, and some of the most influential shipping lines, and Mr. Geoffrey Drage, who is chairman of the Exmouth training-ship, will preside.

The extension and reorganisation, under Mr. Lempfert, of the Forecast Division of the Meteorological Office is of happy import to English agriculture. From October 1st next the Clerk of the Weather will be installed at the fine new offices built in South Kensington to replace the cramped quarters in Victoria Street, which have housed the Department for so many years. By the system of observation pursued at some sixty meteorological stations, the daily reports are so closely co-ordinated that the forecast for the fifteen hours following the moment it is made up, 2.30 p.m., is notably accurate. The office supplies this report to farmers on payment of the cost of the telegram, and for a further one shilling and sixpence a week, additional forecasts prepared at 9 a.m. and 7 p.m., will be supplied. A further deposit of half-a-crown ensures telegraphic notification if a spell of settled weather may be expected. In view of the uncertainty of the English climate it may be hoped that agriculturists will take full advantage of this scientific aid which is afforded by a valuable Government Department.

Mr. Runciman has done much to persuade local education authorities to get healthier reading into the hands of school children. Good work in this direction is being done in Westmoreland, and in Cumberland a scheme has been in operation since last November. Canon Rawnsley writes from Keswick that books of travel, biography, natural history, fiction, poetry and science were selected by a small committee to form a central library of over ten thousand volumes. Book-boxes have been constructed that when opened form book-shelves holding from twenty-four to thirty books. Catalogues are sent to each school, and the teachers are invited to select volumes suitable for boys and girls. The boxes are changed every three months. The teachers express nothing but satisfaction at the working of the scheme and are already able to report an improvement in the reading and composition of the scholars who use the libraries. We believe that to be read and appreciated good work has only to be available. It was reported lately that a novel by a "new" author was "discovered" in a village library and was read by everybody. The "new" book was "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

The thoughtful and scholastic life of every country is a thing apart from the hum and bustle of its commerce. At any rate, we like to think of our great centres of learning remaining secluded and still, whatever turmoil may be raging in Vanity Fair. Nevertheless, it has always been held that the young men brought up to a certain age in this cloistered world of thought are those who in the end become best fitted to be leaders in the world's great movements. For this reason, if for no other, it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the visit which has been paid to this country by a party of German students. They were first shown the unparalleled activity of London life, and the contrast must have been most striking when, almost immediately afterwards, they were taken to Oxford and Cambridge, where the learned men of the day spoke to them wisely and with dignity about some of the problems that await solution. All this made a great step towards establishing a brotherhood in that spiritual world which in the end dominates the material. It was far more important that German students should know England than that German working-men should visit our factories.

An attack has for some days been made in the pages of certain newspapers on the character of British country inns. Many people at this season of the year travel in the rural districts, and it appears that some of them are extremely disappointed. But in reality their criticism is founded on unreasonable expectations. We have before us a letter giving an account of the reception given to a man and his wife who called at a village inn to obtain tea in the afternoon. Much eloquent denunciation is employed for the purpose of showing that this meal was not forthcoming—the village public-house is only a scene of "unappetising squalor and bad fare." From the description, however, the place seems to have been a very ordinary little public-house, in which the tenants must have had a hard fight to earn a livelihood at all. Such income as arises from it is derived from the sale of very small ale to the farm labourers, and it is by no means surprising that a couple of visitors were not able to obtain tea. It is as if one were going into the poorest cottage and expecting the same entertainment that would be put on the table of, say, the rectory or the doctor's house.

We do not for an instant believe that there is any falling away whatever in the inns of standing. On the contrary, it is the universal testimony of all who have made use of them that since bicycling became the favourite pastime, to say nothing of the far more powerful influence of the motor, the country inns have improved beyond description. The preparations to receive travellers are as good as could be imagined. Clean, well-cooked food is ready at nearly every moment of the day, and there are many thousands of places where tea can be had at a moment's notice that could have furnished nothing of the kind ten or fifteen years ago. It is, however, very unreasonable to expect that in the very poor class of inn, where people who want to drink tea appear on an average not oftener than once in six weeks, everything will be kept in readiness for the stray traveller. Nor is it a fair test of the country inn to seek such hospitality at a class of public-house which is really lowest on the list.

#### D A W N .

From slumber wakes the drowsy Day,  
As from her shining face away  
Doth fall the veil of misty night,  
And robed in flames and amber light  
She bends the sunbeams to her sway.  
'Tis sweet within Love's gates to stray  
When first, to startled youth's dismay,  
The god himself, with mystic rite,  
From slumber wakes.

Our birth is but a sleep, we say,  
And life a dream, now grave, now gay,  
Yet some day on our waning sight  
The Dawn will break, serene and bright:  
How blest is he who then for aye,  
From slumber wakes!

R. D. R.

It must be a problem this year with many people to find a use for inferior hay, for, indeed, a very considerable proportion of the year's supply must come under that description, partly because it was over-ripe before being cut, and partly because of its having lain for an unduly long time under the drenching rains. The Board of Agriculture expert recommends that a little salt be sprinkled over that which is fed to animals, as that will make it more palatable. If the rick is not thoroughly dry, it may not be too late to throw salt over each layer of hay as it is made up. The quantity required is about fifteen pounds of salt to a ton of hay.

The Argentine students of agriculture are at the present moment among the ablest and keenest in the world. The country is developing enormously, and its prosperity depends almost exclusively on husbandry. For this reason some attention should be given to the estimate of the world's wheat crop for 1910-1911 which has been issued by the Statistical Bureau of the Argentine Ministry of Agriculture. We may be certain that exceptional pains have been taken to get as near the facts as possible. We cannot here make a close analysis of the figures, but they bear out the impression of the majority of those who are qualified to form a judgment. They show that on the world's crop there is likely to be a deficiency of over seven million metric tons. In other words, putting it in the rough, the supply of ninety-three falls to eighty-six, the word millions being understood; and this is against the rapid increase that is taking place in the number of consumers. If the shrewd Argentine statisticians are right, prices for wheat are bound to rule very high in the coming winter.



On Monday morning the newspapers contained a singularly long obituary of people of rank. Earl Spencer, who had been ill for some days past, died at his seat, Althorp Park in Northamptonshire, on Saturday morning. He was in his seventy-fifth year, and at the end of a very distinguished career as a Liberal statesman. There was, in fact, no member of that party in the House of Lords who held to a greater extent the confidence of the country, and it was to the regret of many that, amid the dissension which followed the death of Gladstone, his qualifications for the Premiership were overlooked. Lord Spencer was an able, frank and honest peer. Lord Amberst, who sat for many years in the House of Commons as Viscount Holmesdale, died on Sunday at Sevenoaks. Sir Fleetwood Edwards died on the same day after a long and honoured diplomatic career. Sir Joseph Walton, who had been a judge of the High Court since 1901, died suddenly on Friday night at his country seat near Woodbridge, Suffolk. But the most illustrious of those who passed away at the end of last week was, without doubt or cavil, Miss Florence Nightingale, who in her ninety-first year died at her residence in South Street, Park Lane.

There can be few people at any age of the world's history who can look back upon a career so consistently self-devoted and so free from worldly ambition as was that of Florence Nightingale. To us of the present generation, the dark days of the Crimea are as much a part of ancient history as the outbreak of the Pestilence in the fourteenth century. We read in the pages of the historian of the extraordinary hardships to which our soldiers were subjected, and our fathers have told us how woefully deficient was the apparatus for nursing, while in point of fact the knowledge was as deficient as the means. Florence Nightingale never claimed to be a great student, or to have foreseen in any way the wonderful modern devices for reducing the actual pain and suffering of the sick and wounded to a minimum; but her heart was grieved within her at the stories sent home to England of the hardships of the field, and she went forth armed only with the resolution to do what was in her power for the relief of the sufferers. That splendid resolution carried much in its wake. We can trace to it as to a fountain the great nursing outfit of the modern army, an outfit which is found to be as necessary to the Japanese as to the English commander.

## CHINESE ANIMAL PAINTINGS.

IN the pictorial arts of China and Japan, which the exhibition now on view at the British Museum is designed to make more familiar to the English public than they have hitherto been, nothing is more interesting than the treatment of animal life. So far, indeed, as the Japanese are concerned, most people were already aware, from their colour-printed woodcuts or from reproductions of the silk paintings of their historic masters, that the artists of this race possessed a wonderfully dexterous faculty of eye and hand in seizing the living actions and characters of birds hovering or in flight, the gliding, curling or leaping movements of fish, or the intimate ways and expressions of the mammals they knew best, as monkeys, deer, and with less certainty and more convention of horses. Moreover, it was known in a general way, to those who had paid any attention to the subject, that in this as in most other phases of their brilliant and many-sided artistic activity the Japanese had not been leaders but followers, and that the parent and inspirer of all their arts had been China. The present exhibition gives students and the public the opportunity of realising this for themselves at first hand for the first time.

In the very earliest Chinese painting exhibited, the now famous scroll by Ku-K'ai-chih (about 364-405 A.D.), illustrating the admonitions of Chang Hua to the ladies of the Imperial Palace, we find animals of various kinds brought in for their own sake as necessary denizens of a wild landscape. Apart from the



TETHERED HORSES—CHAO MENG-FU.  
(Sung dynasty.)



WILD GEESE—LIN LIANG.  
(Fifteenth century.)

under-sized bear rushing at the Emperor in the first scene and the golden pheasants in the third, which are severally indispensable to the stories illustrated, the symbolic mountain towards whose summit the pheasants fly shows among its fastnesses the head and neck of a camel appearing above a rock, a monstrous tiger seated on a ledge, and two running hares below. In the little scenes from the Buddha legend painted on strips of silk, discovered by Dr. Aurel Stein in a cave temple of Tun-Huang, in a remote province of Eastern Turkestan, when the horse Kanthaka has to kneel before Gautama both his shape and

action are quite freely and skilfully drawn, evidently by an accustomed hand. The date of these fragments is the ninth century or thereabouts. The great scene of universal lamentation for the death of Buddha (No. 109 of the Guide) is probably Japanese



**EAGLE ATTACKING A BEAR—CHIA PIN.**  
(Ming dynasty.)

handiwork of the thirteenth century, but is derived, if it is not directly copied, from a renowned Chinese prototype of the eighth; and at the foot of this picture we find, as part of the traditional scheme, horse and ox and deer and goat and panther joining in the universal woe and throwing up their heads with intense expressions of human anguish. Such expressions could not, of course, be studied from nature and had to be invented. The result, at least in the case of one of the horses, is perhaps more grotesque than tragic; but in those parts which depend upon observation the knowledge of animal form is complete and the drawing splendidly firm and masterly. Of one eighth century Chinese master, famous especially as a painter of horses, Han-Kan, we have a single much-damaged but apparently authentic example (No. 28). The horse or pony is pure white, of a short-legged, short-eared, very broad-chested and thick-crested breed. The background has disappeared; so almost has the near fore leg, which was advanced pawing; while the drawing of the back is confused by a bad horizontal crack in the silk. The body is seen in profile, the head turned towards the spectator, and what remains of the drawing is of the most concise and decisive power, expressing essentials with a classical purity of stroke and economy of means.

Similar qualities are still apparent, and much less obscured by injury, in a masterly piece by a hand five centuries younger, Chao Meng-Fu, the Court painter of Kubla Khan (No. 35 in the Guide, the first of our reproductions). Nothing can be more faithful to nature, and at the same time nobler in design and gesture than this group, of two horses, one brown, the other white, the former turning as far as the tether will allow to scratch its head with its hind hoof, the other stretching fretfully

up in an attempt to pluck a bough just out of reach. Of a still grander style is the pair of tame geese (No. 30), by an unknown artist certainly of the Sung period and probably of its earlier years about 1000 A.D. Where, outside the fifth century art of Greece, shall we find the simplest truths of living nature thus enhanced, yet not an atom falsified, by the innate instinct for fine spacing and noble disposition of mass and contour? The darkened silk and special relations of tone in this picture make it difficult to reproduce. We therefore do not attempt to give it here, but pass on to a later and different phase of bird-painting, of which geese also are the subject (No. 60 in the exhibition, the second of our illustrations).

By the painters of the Sung dynasty (960-1280 A.D.), and even of earlier times, two contrasted modes were followed in the painting of birds and flowers. In one mode full colouring was used, combined with the most searching severity of linear definition, as well as with that high sense of rhythmical spacing and decorative style which was never absent from early Chinese art. Nos. 40, 41 and 53 in the exhibition, though probably rather later in date than the end of the Sung period, are characteristic examples of this method. In the other method the painter banished colour and worked in monochrome only, using Indian ink wash with a freedom and power, a subtlety and certainty of gradation only attainable by long years, or even by



**DEER UNDER A TREE WITH MAGPIES—WU CHI.**  
(Ming dynasty.)

long hereditary habits, of intense discipline both of hand and eye. This living and liquid sweep of brush, expressing the forms and movements of animals and the growth of plants with a pliant, buoyant inner vitality matching that of Nature



herself, prevailed in the treatment of animals by Far Eastern art for many centuries. The Japanese caught it with great skill, and some of the finest of their paintings are those that deal in this way with the favourite themes of geese hovering over rushes,



HAWK KILLING BIRD—CHANG-YU-SEN.

(Ch'ing dynasty.)

a cuckoo winging across the moon, or sparrows in flight through a shower. The earliest example of the method in the present exhibition is No. 43, "Wild Geese in the Rushes," from the Anderson Collection, believed to be the work of a famous Sung master, Hui Su. But this, again, is too much darkened for successful reproduction, and we choose instead a fine example of a similar subject, one of a pair by a later but equally famous master, Lin Liang (Guide No. 60\*, the second of our illustrations). Could anything be more airily rhythmical, and at the same time more intimately true, than the springing curves of these rushes, or more living than the actions of the birds, especially of the bird which pulls down the seeded head of one of them and begins to swallow it? The three geese are of the white-headed species (*Anser albifrons*); one of them in front chases into the water a pair of sheld-ducks (*Tadorna casarca*); so my friend and colleague, Mr. Ogilvie-Grant, identifies them.

As we go on we find this free monochrome technique sometimes modified either by the addition of touches of colour or by the more detailed working out of parts, or by both together. See, for instance, the pair of pictures by Lü-Chi (Nos. 63 and 65 in the Guide), where the monochrome handling is enlivened by notes of nearly full colour in cherry blossom and pheasant's plumes, in the mynah's beak and the woodpecker's throat. In a third masterly piece attributed to the same hand (No. 62), the favourite traditional subject of a cock, hen and chickens, seen at the foot of a high growth of bamboos and flowering shrubs, is treated in an altogether different manner, with brilliant precision and minuteness of detail as well as with full colour. Another case of intensely studied detail, in a picture all monochrome

except for a single tuft of russet leaves, is the dramatic scene of animal life shown in our third illustration (Guide No. 62). Here a sloth bear of, I believe, the Himalayan breed, about to rifle honey from a hole in a tree, turns his head snarlingly at the challenge of a golden eagle, who has alighted on a bough above and sways clutching it, fiercely and with ruffled feathers threatening instant attack. Here the artist, instead of using the free sweep of the liquid brush, has painted with an infinite minuteness of detail almost every hair in the bear's fur, every bristling feather of the bird's plumage and every scale of its claws. Yet in doing so he has known how to avoid all appearance of smallness or niggles, and has lost nothing of the sense either of large design or of living action. An eagle more majestically fierce, or more fiercely majestic, was perhaps never painted. The piece is by a nameless master of the Ming period, probably not much before 1600. Even greater patience and subtlety of detail, in tracing every varying curve and rippled convolution in the growth and direction of an animal's hair, coupled with a similar grandeur of design and power of expressing the deadly latent life and character of the beast, reveals itself in a work of different technique and full colour, the formidable portrait of a tiger by Ch'en Chü-chung, a celebrated artist of a somewhat earlier period of the Ming dynasty (Guide No. 61, illustrated on page 252.) This is an example of, perhaps, the most realistic work known in the schools of China, the creature itself, for its own sake merely, being set before us with as much insistent detail as vital force: only a reticence, such as Western art does not use, is shown in the way the low foreground plants and high canes at the back are suggested merely, the latter in tones of bluish grey so quiet that they are scarcely observed till sought for. Ordinarily Chinese art treats the tiger more symbolically, not as the natural beast merely, but as a quintessential incarnation of the terrors of



CORMORANTS—HAI-SHAN.

(Eighteenth century.)

the earth, just as the dragon is of the terrors of storm and cloud: in this usage, I believe, the subject is always handled in pure monochrome. By the same hand as the tiger is the curious and interesting subject of a Tartar sportsman in a bright green coat

and blue cap, who has come out shooting with a long gun of a very primitive Asiatic type and is taking aim, I regret to say, at a pair of turtle-doves sitting on a pine bough close above him, leaving his saddled and bridled horse tethered to a tree in the foreground.



TIGER—CH'EN CHÜ-CHUNG.

(Ming dynasty.)

tlety, though it was by no means sterilised or dead, as is often ignorantly asserted, we find further and interesting examples of the use of the old free and flowing wash in animal subjects. Here, for instance, is a tall composition showing a dappled stag standing at the foot of a tree, which slants boldly up the design and throws across its top an arching bough, on the twigs of which a couple of magpies hang chattering (Guide No. 83, the fourth of our illustrations). Deer and magpies both are still drawn with much of the old intimate truth and insight; you almost seem to feel the nervous twitch of the stag's tail as he looks up teased by the bustle of the birds above him. In another effective monochrome picture, which might seem first-rate to any Western eye not yet accustomed to the subtler and surer gradations and more living sweep of line that prevail in earlier work, we see a rock, plumed above with the drooping flowers and sprays of a wild white rose, impending over water in

Between this horse and the spectator another horse of a spotted breed, biting at its own fetlock with a perfectly natural action, stands free without bridle or saddle. In these horses there is still shown much of the same masterly quality of line-drawing, alike expressive, rhythmical and compendious, as we found in the earlier work of Chao Mêng-Fu.

Coming down into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, ages in which Chinese art had lost something both of its dignity and its sub-

which a young cormorant fishes, while another sits watching below and two grosbeaks play in the rose sprays above (Guide No. 101, the sixth illustration). Near by a bristling goshawk on a rock holds down and prepares to devour a small bird screaming and gasping in its clutch; from a higher rock at the side hang the autumn-tinted fruit and tattered leafage of a medlar tree; for here, as in other cases already mentioned, the monochrome is enlivened with hints of colour (Guide No. 103, the sixth illustration).

Lastly, in this supposed age of stiffening and decay, we find a striking new departure in the shape of what looks like an

extraordinarily skilled and effective piece of nineteenth century impressionism, reminding us of the black and white work of Manet. A solitary goshawk, watching intently with slanted and indrawn head from the bough on which it has perched, is set before us by broad and coarse, yet magically significant, dabs and smears of black and grey laid on by means of the finger-nail (Guide No. 104, the last illustration). Here, in the midst of supposed decadence, we have vitality of a quite new order. Has Europe ever done anything of the same kind better or as good?

It should be added that the majority of the Chinese pictures exhibited and all those here illustrated, except the second, are from the very important and varied collection formed by

Frau Olga-Julia Wegener during several winters' residence in China and lately acquired for the British Museum. The illustrations are from photographs taken and on sale by Mr. Lumley Cator, 64, Upper Berkeley Street, W. SIDNEY COLVIN.



GOSHAWK—YING PAO.

(Ch'ing dynasty.)

## THE BLIND SHEPHERD.

The land is white, and far awa'  
Abune ilk bush and tree,  
Nae fit is movin' i' the snaw  
On the hills I canna' see;  
For the sun may rise and the mirk may fa',  
But aye it's nicht to me.

I hear the whaup on windy days  
Cry up amang the peat,  
Whaur on the road that climbs the braes  
I've heard my ain sheep's feet,  
And the bonny lambs wi' their canny ways  
And the silly yowes that bleat.

But now wi' them I manna' be  
And by the fire I bide,  
To sit and listen patiently  
For a fit on the great hillside—  
A fit that'll come to the door for me  
Down through the pasture wide.

Maybe I'll hear the baaing flocks  
Ae nicht when time seems lang,  
And ken there's a tread on the scattered rocks  
Thae timorous sheep amang,  
And a voice that cries, and a hand that knocks  
To bid me rise and gang.

Then to the hills I'll lift my een,  
Nae matter that they're blind,  
For Ane will guide me through the streen,  
And I will walk behind,  
Till up, far up in the midnight keen,  
The licht o' Heaven I'll find.

And maybe, when I've climbed the hill,  
And stand abune the steep,  
I'll turn aince mair and look my fill  
On my ain auld flock o' sheep,  
And I'll leave them lyin' sae white and still  
On the quiet brae asleep.

VIOLET JACOB.



## THE EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION TO THE SNOW MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

V.—REPORTS OF FURTHER PROGRESS AND OF A GRANT FROM HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OF £4,000.

THE cheerful prediction of a well-known traveller that the members of our expedition would soon find themselves stewing in a Papuan cooking-pot has not yet, we are pleased to inform our readers, been fulfilled, and we trust that it may never come true! Indeed, the natives of the Mimika district are the reverse of hostile, and are described as cowardly, lazy and immoral: When the expedition arrived at Wakatimi in the beginning of January the inhabitants were still in the "Stone Age." They cut down trees and hollowed them out into canoes with stone axes, and they broke each other's heads with stone clubs. Now the expedition possesses a fine collection of these axes and stone clubs, while the natives have a few knives, many empty tins, and go gaily decked in beads and scraps of coloured cloth. Both parties appear to be highly satisfied with the exchange.

The latest news which has been received from Mr. Goodfellow and from other members of the expedition carries us to June 4th, but up to that date very little forward progress had been possible, owing to the great difficulties experienced in transporting the stores from the base camp at Wakatimi to Toupoué at the foot of the mountains. Great things had been expected from the launch supplied by the Netherlands Government; but unfortunately these expectations were not realised, for it was not sufficiently powerful to tow boats against the current and was continually breaking down. After many attempts, all of which ended in failure, it was finally abandoned.

Mr. Goodfellow's letters contain a graphic account of some of the hardships experienced when carrying stores up the river, and of how he and his coolies, being unable to reach a landing-place before dark, were obliged to spend many highly unpleasant and sleepless nights on the water, soaked with rain and devoured by mosquitoes. At this season the weather on the south coast of New Guinea is extremely trying, the south-east monsoon blowing with full force and the rainfall being almost continuous. The native canoes proved a far more efficient and satisfactory means of transport, for in them the coolies were able to reach their regular camping-places each night; while in the launch their arrival was always a matter of uncertainty. The launch was one



**BECCARIS PIGMY PARROT** (*Nasitera beccarii*).  
Length about 3½ in. Green; head brown; crown dull blue; middle tail-feathers blue, outer black, yellow at tip.

which had been used by Dr. Lorentz on the North River, and on examination it was found to require extensive repairs. The engineer of the Dutch relief ship, therefore, offered to exchange it for the ship's launch and to take the condemned boat back to Amboina.

Unfortunately, the new launch proved equally useless, being incapable of making any headway against the stream, which was at that time slightly in flood. Probably the boilers were dirty and the supply pipes were blocked up; but all the engineers blamed the river water, which on the lower reaches is extremely muddy. As it was absolutely essential to have a really useful launch on the Mimika River to communicate between the camps and to transport stores, Mr. Goodfellow, accompanied by Captain Klawing, crossed over to Dobo in the Aru Islands. There he was, fortunately, able to purchase from the pearl-fishers a nearly new 12 h.p. motor-boat, run on benzine, with a shallow draught of two and a-half feet, in every way suitable for river-work. With this useful, but somewhat expensive, acquisition he returned to the Mimika on June 4th, and hoped within a fortnight of landing, when all the stores had been transferred to Toupoué, to commence the forward move.

In his last letter Mr. Goodfellow writes:

Now it will seem to you that so far we have progressed but very little. In a sense this is true; but I must first tell you that at home it is impossible to realise the impassable nature of the country and the difficulties which have to be overcome. This part of the coast was entirely unknown, though it was supposed that this was the best place to land and that this river led to the highest mountains. We now find that this is not the case. All the rivers along this part of the south coast run at first in an easterly direction, but finally turn to the west, and the highest parts of the range, under snow, all lie far east of the head-waters of the Mimika. There is now no doubt whatever that the Oetakwa River drains the waters from the snows of Carstensz Peak. To look at that mountain from the sea you would think it lay right behind the mouth of the Mimika; but it is nearly fifty miles off in a straight line along the base of the range, with lots of big rivers to cross and small ones innumerable.

We may here remark that the writer, when studying the map of Dutch New Guinea, selected the mouth of the Oetakwa as the most suitable landing-place for attacking Carstensz Peak, and it was principally on account of information received at Batavia that the Mimika River was subsequently selected. Mr. Goodfellow goes on to say:

It is, of course, utterly impossible to change our route now that such an extensive settlement has been made at Wakatimi, so we shall



**BLUE-BREASTED TANSYIPTERA** (*Tansyiptera carolina*).

Iris blue, cobalt on crown and shoulder; lower back and tail white, bar shafts of middle pair blue; bill red.



GIUDICHAUD'S KINGFISHER (*Sauromarptes giudichaudi*).

Above black, with a buff collar; silvery blue on wings and lower back; flight-feathers and tail dark blue; breast chestnut.

be obliged to go overland from our camp at Toupoué. Dr. Marshall is now engaged up there in cutting a trail to the first big river, the Kamura, and we have already bought a large canoe on that river to ferry us and our goods over. Some of the members have explored the country for quite a long way to the east of that river, so we now know exactly where we have to get to. All the stores left by the steamer will be sent up at once, and we shall then push on overland, using the coolies for carrying instead of for river work, and Toupoué will be our base until its stores have been exhausted.

Unfortunately, the natives are not of the slightest assistance to us. Out of the numbers at Wakatimi not one has ever helped us, nor will anything induce them to do so. They are much too lazy and averse to going beyond a small radius. It is a great pity that no one knows their language, and that we can scarcely make ourselves understood, for as yet we have never met one who knows a word of Malay. No white man has ever been among them before. The natives of the upper river are a trifle better in some ways than those at Wakatimi, and after much persuasion have done a little carrying for the members at Toupoué. Lately, however, they have begun to rob the coolies when returning from the upper camp. Three instances have now occurred, and in one case the coolies were foolish enough to allow the Papuans to take away even their trousers as well as their other belongings from the canoes. Their tactics were to waylay the coolies at the rapids not far from Toupoué and, having pushed the canoes into a difficult place, to snatch everything and clear off into the jungle. Stupidly, the coolies did not at once return to the top camp and let the members know what had happened, but came on to the base camp at Wakatimi. Thus more than a week elapsed before I could communicate with Toupoué and let the others know. Had I been there I should have seized all the canoes at the village until everything had been returned, or would have burnt the place down. The natives have now been well frightened and have returned most of the things, so I hope it will not occur again. In future, if no member is returning with the canoes a Gurkha will be sent down with them. Mr. Goodfellow found that during his absence at Amboina in search of coolies considerable improvements had been made at Toupoué. The camp had been shifted to the opposite bank of the river, which was higher, the first site having been flooded out. The change had necessitated a considerable amount of clearing, and large storehouses had been erected, the whole being enclosed with a palisade. The adjoining military camp was similarly arranged, but quite separate from that of the members of the expedition; a distinct improvement on the mixed camp at Wakatimi. He found that Mr. Shortridge, who had spent almost the whole of his time collecting in the neighbourhood of Toupoué, had formed considerable collections of both mammals and birds, which have just arrived in England, and are at present under examination. Unfortunately, Mr. Shortridge has been suffering from constant attacks of fever ever since he landed on

New Guinea, the result of his recent expedition to Central Borneo, and he has been obliged to go to New South Wales for a few months to recruit his health. It is hoped, however, that he will be able to rejoin the expedition shortly, if he has not already done so.

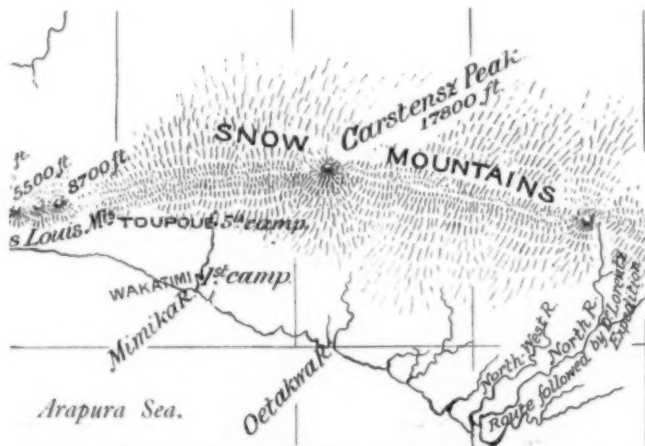
To take the place of the late Mr. Wilfred Stalker, the Committee decided to send out Mr. Claude Grant, who has already had much experience as a field naturalist, both in South Africa and in South America. He left England on June 18th, and will be joined at Singapore by two trained Dyak collectors, which Mr. H. C. Robinson, the Director of the Kuala Lumpur Museum, has most generously supplied at his own expense. Mr. Grant is taking with him a large quantity of stores supplied by Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, and it is to be hoped that these delicacies, which should arrive at the Mimika River about the middle of August, will gladden the hearts of the members of the expedition and enable them to scale Carstensz Peak.

During the months of April and May Mr. Goodfellow was chiefly engaged in obtaining a permanent staff of coolies and in superintending the transport of the stores. Mr. Wollaston passed most of the time in charge of the camp at Wakatimi, making occasional visits to Toupoué, which has been the headquarters of Mr. Shortridge, Captain Rawling and Dr. Marshall. The camp at the base of the mountains is a far healthier spot than Wakatimi, the water there being clear, whereas towards the mouth of the river it is muddy and horrible in the extreme.

We have received very little fresh information regarding the most interesting discovery of the pigmies. As already mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE of June 4th, Mr. Wollaston and Captain Rawling first made this important discovery while making a short expedition among the foot-hills. These dwarfs appear to be the sole inhabitants of the mountains, and up to the present time only men have been met with, the women and children clearing off on the approach of the members of the expedition. The men, though very small, and varying in height from four feet two inches to four feet six inches, are beautifully made and very black in colour. Their only covering, made from the pointed end of a gourd, is about sixteen inches in length, and tied up round the waist.

In the beginning of May an interesting native festival was witnessed by the members at Toupoué, when two full-grown boars were sacrificed on an altar. Dr. Marshall obtained a series of pictures with his cinematograph camera, and it is hoped that these may be exhibited in this country at some future time. The illustrations accompanying the present article are taken from some of the most beautiful and remarkable birds known to occur in New Guinea. The fine Giudichaud's kingfisher is included among the species sent home in the first collection from the Mimika and Kamura Rivers.

It is with great satisfaction that the Committee are able to announce that His Majesty's Government have agreed to support the Expedition Fund, by making a grant in aid of £4,000. This



THE DISTRICT TO BE EXPLORED.

action on the part of the Government is most gratifying, as indicating not only their recognition of the national importance of the undertaking, but also a welcome sympathy with its aims. In opening the present subscription list the Committee wish it to be understood that further subscriptions are earnestly solicited to carry on the exploration in New Guinea for as long as possible.

W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

The earlier reports sent home by the expedition appeared on March 26th, April 16th and 30th, and June 4th.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE MAID AND THE MONEY.

BY  
TICKNER EDWARDES.



**I**T had been only a week-day, just a common working weekday, but, to the astonishment of everyone in Thornbury, shepherd

George Ruddle strode through the village street under the failing light of the June evening wearing his Sunday clothes. Grey heads wagged at cottage doors, and a merry whisper sped among the loungers at the garden gates as he went by. And when he turned into the little lane at the foot of Meadway Hill and vanished in the red dusk of the distance it was just as everybody expected.

"A's going to arst Lizzie agen!" said half-a-dozen broad Sussex tongues together.

"Er 'ull scarce know what to do wi' a man' wage, arter all they years o' pinchin'."

"An' bless her heart! says I; a little ease an' comfort in life wunt do her no hurt. A poor gel, as never hardly knowed what 'twur to ha' two bites ahead in th' larder! But ye was a'l wrong, neighbours; ould Miser Quick—'a wur no miser at al', as it turns out. Nauthin' i' th' house but ould papers an' rubbish, as I allers vowed 'twould be!"

George Ruddle strode up the hill through the gathering darkness with a heart as light as his step, for he was going to do again what he had been doing about twice a month for years past, but this time with little anticipation of failure. He had never blamed Lizzie Quick for holding out against him, nor in his heart of hearts had he entirely disagreed with her one and only motive in the act.

"But she'll ha' me now, sure," mused George, his eyes fondly fixed on a square of dim light a little further up the hillside. "What's to hinder her? Th' ould man in's grave at laast, an' she all by her poor lone lonesome—"

He stopped; took a few steps quickly forward; stopped again, staring harder than ever at the patch of light which he knew was the kitchen window of the Quicks' cottage. Something had partially obscured it as he gazed, and this something now revealed itself to be the head and broad shoulders of a man, not inside the room, as he had first suspected, but outside, peering stealthily in at the window. George gripped his cudgel and crept up to the gate. But as he swung the gate open the rusty hinges uttered a woeful screech. The dark silhouette at the window vanished. George heard footsteps receding quickly, but warily, through the undergrowth of the hillside beyond. The first light rap of his knuckles on the door brought no response. At the second he heard a curious noise in the kitchen—a dull thud as though some heavy object had fallen. Then an inner door quietly opened, and by the sounds that reached him George guessed that someone had tip-toed to the entry and stood there listening, someone decidedly out of breath. He knocked again.

"Tis only me, Lizzie! 'Tis George—George Ruddle, dearie—"

And then the heavy old house door flung back. Lizzie Quick peered forth, shading a candle with trembling hands. The light shone full upon her. To his amazement George saw that her pretty face was flushed and her eyes strangely, unnaturally bright. He could hear her heart knocking as she drooped against the doorpost, desperately trying to regain her breath. With one quick hand George Ruddle caught the candlestick as it was escaping her nerveless fingers, and with the other held up the tottering girl herself.

"This—this'll never do, Liz," he remonstrated, half leading, half carrying her to the old settee in the kitchen. "What ails ye, lass? Is ought amiss? Caan't ye speak, gel! Lor' alive! an' not a drop o' nauthin' i' th' house, I'll wager!"

"Tell us, Liz," he coaxed her, as at iast she seemed in better command of herself. "Did ought froughten ye, now?

Ha' ye fear o' being aloane i' th' ould house? May be as ye thought ye spied summun at the windy, an'—"

His last words had an altogether unlooked-for effect. She started and sprang to her feet, her great, bright eyes angrily turned upon him.

"Ye wur never pryin', George? Y'are never one o' those as believes— Oh! 'twur shame in ye, George Ruddle! Is't that as ye've been after all these years an' years, and I thinkin' so different! An' then ye comes round to the door an' knocks respectable-like, just as though—"

"Do ye know me so little, lass?" he cried, his very indignation making his voice low and gentle. "Poor ould Granfer Quick wi' money hidden away? Him as never arned mor'n twelve shillin' a week at the best time o' life, an' as did nought but rook-tendin' fer his laast twenty rheumaticky years! Shame there be to the thought o't, Liz; but 'tis your shame, not mine!"

He turned slowly from her, stooping to the stone-flagged floor to pick up his fallen cap. But instead of the cap he seized upon and brought up a glittering gold sovereign. He held it up to her, the wrath in his eyes slowly changing to a look of blank bewilderment; and at the look, with the assurance it gave her, Lizzie Quick was her old self again.

"Oh! George, forgive me fer thinkin' bad o' ye! But 'tis the wonderfulest thing, the wonderfulest as ever come to pass! An' we'd ne'er ha' knowed ought about it if th' ould cat— 'Er found it, George! 'Er would never sit nowheres but on the one stoane under the table, as wur allers dry while all the rest was reekin' damp. But I'll leave the crazy ould place to crumble and tumble down now, George dear! We'll ha' a fine house atween us, George, an' ye shall quit shepherding, an' be your own flock-maaster, an' go to Fair wi' th' best o' them! Look, look! Help me wi' it, George! quick, do!"

She was on her knees now, trying to prise up one of the great stone slabs in the floor. George Ruddle plumped down at her side, and between them they raised the flag. Beneath was a jumble of old clothes, and below this a bulging canvas bag, with the name of a bank stamped upon it. Lizzie seized the bag delightedly and poured out its contents upon the table. George Ruddle found himself blinking and gaping at more money than he had ever seen in his life before.

As he stood speechlessly regarding it, the girl's laugh pealed out like a skylark singing at summer dawn.

"Tis all ourn, George! Faather must ha' saved it by little and little, unbeknownst to all; but how 'a did it, Gorr-amighty aloane knows! Two hunnerd an' seventy goulden sovereigns! An' what a wonderful cat 'tis, George!—we'll never part wi' her. I thought an' thought— An' then it come to me suddent-like to ook under th' stoane. I wanted to keep it all secret, for a surprise to ye, George, arter we was married; but it doan't signify—do it, dearie?—long as we ha' got it atween us. An', George, darling, we'll live in a fine brick house, an' ha' all th' good things o' life: meat every day, an' our own pigs i' th' sty, an' fine cloathes a-Sundays, an'—"

The full flowing stream of happy talk suddenly failed upon her lips. George looked quickly up from the table. Lizzie was gazing over his shoulder towards the window behind him, her face grown pale, a look of terror in her eyes. In a moment he guessed the truth. Without turning or making any gesture he began to speak in a low, hurried voice.

"I knows what ye sees, Liz; but y'are quite safe, darling! Now doan't stir a finger, but do what I tell ye. Go on countin' th' money just as if ye'd seed nought. Keep your eyes down, an' look as onconsarned an' cheerfule-like as ye can. That'll

do, beautiful! Now bide still whiles I takes a little stroll out o' th' back door."

Still keeping his broad shoulders turned to the window, he got quietly to his feet, stretched himself and lounged towards the door in the rear of the room. The moment he knew he was out of the line of sight from the window he sped through the dark passage, out at the back entrance and round to the front of the house. At a bound he cleared the last six feet of tangled garden and threw himself upon the stealthy watcher at the window.

Of what happened then George could never afterwards tell a connected story. He gripped his man securely enough, but tripped and fell with him, and the two went tumbling over and over in the darkness together, scrimmaging like a pair of wild cats. Now the stranger had the upper hand, and now George Ruddle got his antagonist under. But George never slackened his hold, and at length fortune favoured him. Aiming a tremendous blow at random, he suddenly felt his opponent's resistance weaken.

"Liz, Liz! I done him! Heough! 'A's near done me, though! Fetch a light, Liz, quick!"

Between them they carried the limp, mud-begrimed, senseless figure into the room and laid it upon the floor. From one corner of the man's mouth a thin line of scarlet trickled. George, rubbing the earth from his own face, hovered about him in growing anxiety.

"'A's uncommon quiet fer a livin' creatur'! Lorsh! I do hope now as— No! 'tis all right, Liz! 'A's comin' round! Let's gie un a dowsin'!"

The cold water acted like a charm. Presently the man sat up and stared dully about him. At last his wandering gaze fixed itself upon George Ruddle. He laughed. It was a feeble laugh, but had in it a spark of genuine merriment.

"I—I am afraid I have given you a lot of trouble," he said. "And we shall both want to visit a tailor after this, and perhaps a dentist."

George and Lizzie exchanged astonished glances. The man was dressed poorly enough, but his voice was unmistakably that of a gentleman. He sat ruminating a while, tenderly nursing his cut lip, and looking from one to the other.

"What do you think of doing now?" he asked, at last, abruptly. "Give me up to the police, I suppose? Very good; the sooner the better; it will be no novelty to me, I can assure you. May I suggest that the young lady should go and call the neighbours, while you stand guard over me with that ugly-looking stick? But you will find I shall keep quiet enough. I shall be rather glad of the prison skilly again after a week's liberty to starve."

The pair hesitated. Lizzie's eyes questioned George, and he returned her a compassionate nod. She went to the cupboard and came back with a loaf. For a silent moment or two they watched their captive as he broke the bread with thin, shaking hands. And then George threw his stick into the corner contemptuously.

"No!" said he, like a man who had made up his mind. "Ye've seen prison enough, I reckon. Fill your pockets and be off wi' ye!"

The man looked at George Ruddle incredulously. Then he looked at the open door and got slowly to his feet, cramming the bread into his pockets the while. The next moment he had turned it all out again.

"It's no good," he said, and his voice and whole manner had altered strangely. "You are very kind, but—but if I go without—without what I came for I shall be far better off in Lewes Gaol. No! give me up, and have done with it, for mercy's sake!"

George Ruddle felt in his pocket. "If 'tis a little as ye warnts to help ye on the road—"

"A little!" The man turned on him fiercely. "A little is no good to me! I want it all, *all*! God! how I have suffered and slaved and starved for it all these years, only to lose it, and lose her too, in the end! She's waiting, I tell you! Five long years she has waited, and now she must wait for ever. I'll never go back to her without it! I'll never drag her down again! I'd sooner—"

He stopped, looking from one to the other with streaming eyes. "Ah! you don't understand!" he almost shouted. "You think I am mad! Well, I wonder what you would say if I— Yes! I'll tell you something!" He pointed a shaking hand at the table. "Have you counted it? Ah! I see you have! Well, I'll tell you exactly how much there is, or was. Two hundred and seventy pounds in gold—am I right? I'll tell you another thing. The name on that bag—Reynold's Bank, Brighton, isn't it? And the bag was wrapped up in an old moleskin waistcoat, and that again in an old smock frock. And it was all stowed away under that stone there, wasn't it? Now, did you ever hear of a robbery that took place in Brighton

five years ago, and that made a great stir in these parts at the time?"

George Ruddle's arm stole round Lizzie's waist as though to shield her from some unknown yet imminent peril. He stared open-mouthed at the stranger. "I dunno!" he said at last, breathlessly. "Aye! I do reckermember summat o't, but 'tis so fur back. A young feller—warn't it?—as robbed his maaster, an' sheered off wi' a sight o' money, an' as got took—"

He stopped, for the trembling girl in his arms had uttered a cry that rang to the rafters of the old kitchen.

"Oh! I knows ye! I knows all about ye now! Ye've been here afore! Years an' years ago! 'Twur you as come to tha' door late of a sowsin' blow n' winter's night, an' as begged to be 'lowed to lie 'til mornin' out in the shed yonder! An' faather 'a let ye lie here instead, here by th' kitchen fire all night long, an' gie ye bite and sup, an' ye was gone i' th' mornin' wi'ou: a wured or sign—"

"Yes, yes! It is all true enough! They were hunting me, girl; and I dared not stay for the daylight. They were close upon me even then. But I got a good twenty miles away before—"

She followed him up vehemently.

"An' faather? 'A knowed nauthin' about the money? 'Twur you as brought it wi' ye, and hid it there unner th' stoane to keep it from those as had th' only right to't? And now, soon as they let ye out o' gaol, ye've come back—"

George Ruddle whistled in his breath.

"So that's what ye wunt goo wi'out, be it?"

"'Tis all gone agen, George!" she whispered—"th' fine house, an' the good times, and everything as I'd planned fer us both. Oh! I'd made such a lovely pictur' o' it, dearie! I caan't—bear to— But right is right! We must gie it all up, George! We must find out who 'tis as it wur stole from, an'—"

The man was listening intently—straining his ears for every word. Now he broke in upon her with a passionate appeal.

"Right is right—yes! The money was never yours, and you are right to give it up. But who will you give it to? Listen! Doing right in this is not so easy as you think! That old man, whose money it was, is dead long ago. I robbed him, but he was rich, and what I took made little odds to him. His fortune went to a son, the only kin he had in the world. And the son sent it all flying in a twelvemonth, and then followed his skin-flint father to the grave. Yes! give the money up; but who will you give it to, and what good will it do? There is no one to take it. It must go to the State, just go to add more useless gilt to a golden crown!"

He stopped for breath, his whole body quivering with new hope and excitement, as he tried to read Lizzie's face.

"And now look at the other side. I have been a thief, but am I a thief now? Who dares say it? Oh! the years of s'avery and torment and vileness! Do they count for nothing? And think what has always been my hope, what has been the one thing that has kept me alive through it all—the hope of love and happiness when it was over! Give the money up, but who will you give it to? Give it up to the State, and let it go only to make useless splendour more splendid still? Or will you let it go to save two poor, tortured human souls?"

"See now!" he said, at last, and his voice trembled with a deeper entreaty than ever. "You two love each other, and are soon going to be married. You hope to be very happy, but how can you be happy if you let slip such a chance of being merciful as this? I have earned it, if ever poor suffering wretch has earned anything, with five long years of grubbing torture. I tell you I have paid for it, paid to the full! And now I want to carry it to her, she who has waited for me so long and so faithfully! With this money we could go together to the other side of the world where no one knows us, and cou'd start a new life, and—God helping us—a steady and true life. It could be done; why can it not be done? You two alone must decide. Right is right, my pretty maid! But remember that love is love too! What will you do? Will you send me away now to life and love and happiness—two human souls saved by a single word of yours? Or will you send me to death, or worse than death?"

Like some wild beast caged he had been striding to and fro before them. But now he pulled up suddenly, his burning, yearning eyes still fastened upon Lizzie Quick.

"For Love! Will you not do it for Love's sake?" he cried to her. "For Love and two souls' salvation?"

No word passed Lizzie's lips, but in a moment he was at the table hurrying the gold into the bag with both hands. "God bless you, little girl!" he sobbed over and over again as he did it. And in the darkness of the garden, as they looked out after him, they heard his receding voice again and again: "God bless you! God bless you!"



## A HUNTING TRIP IN CASSIAR.



THE PACK TRAIN.

THREE weeks after leaving London in July of last year I was in Telegraph Creek at the head of navigation on the Stikine River. The place boasts a Hudson's Bay store and another kept by a Mr. Hyland. There are probably a dozen white men and about four white women, the rest of the inhabitants being Tahltan Indians and swarms of dogs, used for packing. Here I got seven horses, my provisions and two Indians; I was already accompanied by the well-known J. A. Teit, from Spences Bridge, who organised the trip for me. Then followed a monotonous journey of ten days with the pack train, going steadily day after day, sometimes riding and sometimes walking until we reached the Nahlin River. We left half our supplies there and journeyed on another two days to a sheep country.

On September 1st, the opening day, I started out early with Teit and Dennis, who is probably the best guide in the district. For about an hour and a-half we followed a small stream to the head of a valley, and then, climbing over a

bed of old snow on to a ridge, found ourselves in a thick, damp fog which made hunting impossible; but about noon the fog cleared and we started off again after *Ovis Stonei*. Following the ridge to the west, we found a series of spurs, separated by narrow valleys and most likely-looking places for sheep, and it was in such a place that we eventually saw a band of nine feeding on some short grass far below us, quite unconscious of our presence. Then commenced a severe stalk of half-an-hour over some nasty rocks and loose shale slopes,

which it was impossible to traverse very quietly. At last, getting within range, I fired at the big ram, and to my great annoyance missed him clean. He and the ewes at once made off, he leaving them and making for the nearest mountain top. Half-an-hour, or less, brought us to the spot where we last saw him, and following his tracks very cleverly, Dennis found he had gone down on the other side and was quietly feeding. Down we went again, and soon I got a good shot and killed him. Some months after arriving home I learned through



A SIXTY-INCH HEAD.

the Press that it was a record head for that particular variety.

The next thing to do was to take off the head and some of the meat and get back to the tents. On the way we caught sight of two goats high up in a rocky canyon, but they saw us first and I did not get a shot at them. We had some of the meat for supper that night, and although it was ten year old ram, it seemed not so bad to us, who had had no fresh meat for two weeks. For four days I tried in vain to find another sheep, but on the afternoon of September 6th Dennis and I came

upon two rams, the best of which I secured after a hard climb and by a lucky shot at a distance of some six hundred yards—probably the longest shot I have ever made. Teit verified the distance next day when he brought in the horns and meat. Two days were now spent in hunting goats, and on the



*OVIS STONEII.*

afternoon of the second day we came upon a band of six on a spur above timber-line and overlooking the Little Nahlin River. Selecting the two largest heads, I killed both animals with two successive shots at comparatively short range. Having secured sheep and goat, we decided to leave next day and go to the caribou and moose ground. This meant a journey of about five days, in the middle of which we picked up the reserve stores which we had left at Nahlin. We made the main camp just near the timber limit, and within an hour's walk of Tuya

Mountain top; this is a vast flat space some twenty-five miles long by, perhaps, twenty across. Its surroundings are high, snow-covered peaks; with the exception of a little scrubby willow it is devoid of vegetation, and, owing to the unusually wet season, was now practically a swamp.



*TYPICAL SHEEP COUNTRY.*



About an hour after leaving camp the first morning I came on a fine bull caribou, but stalking him was a lengthy matter, as there was no cover of any kind; fortunately for me, he laid down and I was able to creep and crawl through some four inches of snow to within eighty yards, and when he jumped up in alarm I killed him. I found him a very good specimen of Osborn's caribou, the length of the horn being fifty-one inches and well furnished with points. While stalking the caribou we saw very fresh tracks of a large grizzly bear in the snow, and, after a hasty and somewhat too light lunch in a storm of wind and sleet, we went off on this new quest, leaving the caribou head to be brought in another day. From 11.30 a.m. till 5.30 p.m. we followed his trail through wet snow, and here and there found places where he had stopped to dig out a ground squirrel. More than once he crossed a stream, so did we; and on each occasion had to cast about to pick up his tracks again. When we finally caught up with him he was busily employed on the side of a bank digging a squirrel out. All I could see of him was the hump on his shoulder, and at this I fired from a distance of about forty-five yards. He immediately reared up on his hind legs, growling, snarling and snapping at his wound; this enabled me to get a good shot at his chest just as he was starting for us. The shot tumbled him head over heels like a rabbit, but he got up and came straight towards us. The third shot broke the lower jaw, shattering some of the back teeth, and again turned him over; but he got up and again came on, and I began to think that after all there was something sound in the opinion of some friends at home, who endeavoured to persuade me against hunting grizzlies with a .256 Mannlicher. However, the fourth shot struck him just over one eye and penetrated the brain, bringing him to a stop about thirty-three yards in front of me. This was my first and long-looked-for grizzly, rather dark in colour, over seven feet in length, and judging by the terrible condition of his teeth, which were worn down, hollow and decayed, he must have been an old settler; he certainly acted as one.

Two days later Dennis and myself were off on a long tramp over the same flat, and when lunching at 11.30 a.m. on a small knoll, we could see a band of six caribou about a mile away to our left; the glasses showed that their heads were poor and not worth going after, and at the same time we saw away on our right a grizzly settling down to rest on a bank top, where he could get the benefit of a gleam of wintry sun. We gave him time to settle, finished our lunch and got to within, perhaps, one hundred yards of him. He was sleeping uneasily—perhaps he had been dining too freely on ground squirrels—and he would turn over and occasionally raise a big paw. Dennis wanted to go close up to him, but I thought we were near enough, having acquired a certain amount of respect for grizzlies. While discussing the matter as to whether I should shoot from where I was, or go softly a little nearer, the bear woke up and looked straight at us. Dennis remarked, "There now, you've lost him." I fired rather hurriedly, hit him in the stomach, and he rolled over the bank and was out of sight. Before we could get to the place he was away and off up the mountain-side like a race-horse. We



AN INDIAN WAR CANOE.



CAMP IN WINDY GULCH.



TIGHTENING UP PACKS.

sat perfectly still, watching him, and soon, to my great satisfaction, he turned off at a right angle to the course he was pursuing, and travelled at a reduced speed along instead of up the slope. This looked as if he was badly wounded. Pausing twice and looking back to see if he was being followed, he soon reached a ridge and disappeared from sight; we then made the best pace we could after him, soon got on to his tracks in some patches of snow and came upon a considerable quantity of blood. When we reached the place where we last saw him we found he had laid down to rest, and this was another favourable sign. Before we had gone more than another mile Dennis saw him a long way off wandering up and down in an aimless fashion on a bare

We had been on the go for ten hours and a-half that day, and certainly did not rest half-an-hour, all told. When Teit came back with the skin two days later, he said that we must have travelled nearly thirty miles.

For the next three days we were stormbound in camp, and then moved over to the moose country, as there was a good chance of a second caribou being obtained from it. On September 26th we were encamped on the side of a gulch, which we christened Windy Gulch. There was a waterfall at the head of it, and a bitterly cold wind continually blew down the canyon. The nights there were desperately cold, and it was with no fewer than seven blankets under me and five over,



CARIBOU 47" 15 POINTS.



GOAT-MALE



GOAT-FEMALE



RECORD OVIS STOEBE



OVIS STOEBE



CARIBOU 51" 40 POINTS.



GRIZZLY N°2. 6'3"



MOOSE 53" SPREAD. 17 POINTS



MOOSE 60" SPREAD. 22 POINTS.



GRIZZLY N°1. 7'1"

#### SPOILS OF CASSIAR.

hillside. For at least an hour we ran and walked alternately, gradually getting nearer to the bear, who was still working away from us, until we came to a good-sized stream near Tuya Lake. We were both hot and breathless, but Dennis advised our fording it, and no sooner had we got to the opposite bank than we found the bear had also crossed lower down, and about eighty yards off he emerged from a patch of willow into an opening. This gave me a fine opportunity, and I took advantage of it and added another grizzly to my bag. This one was some few inches shorter than the first and lighter in colour, probably a younger animal. It was now late in the afternoon, and the Indian and myself were both thoroughly tired and hungry and had a tramp of four hours before us to camp.

augmented with Teit's fur robe and all my clothes, that I managed to keep warm.

After breakfast next morning it was too windy and cold to go on to the caribou plains, so we went for moose instead. A walk of two or three miles through willow bush brought us to a conical-shaped hillock; we climbed this, and from the sheltered side had a good view over an enormous expanse of low, swampy country, nearly covered with willow, but with some small lakes and clearings, a very favourite place for moose at that season. In the shelter of a good pine tree we made a small fire and boiled some tea; immediately after, Dennis, who had gone up to the top to look over the other side, came rushing down, saying he could see "a big fellow with



fine horns; put everything into the bag quick." I put the fragments of lunch, teacups and kettle into the flour bag which Dennis carried and went up with him to get a view of the moose, which appeared, as far as I could judge in the snowstorm which was going on, to be a fair-sized beast, and almost immediately I spotted a cow near him. He was in a difficult position to approach and seemed restless, but after a while he moved towards a small clump of stunted pines and we decided we had better go after him. Down we went again to the bottom of the hill, and soon got on to his big tracks and found he had moved a quarter of a mile and was standing near some willow at the end of a grassy hollow glade which had doubtless formed a bed of a small lake a few years ago. I got four shots into him in rapid succession, and he scarcely moved, nor do I think he ever knew from where the attack came, but reared up and fell over on his back, shot through lungs and heart. I found the horns had a spread of fifty-four inches, the blades were wide, massive and well proportioned, with seventeen long points—a good head for this district, which is noted for big heads. Two days later found us at another camp about ten miles nearer home, and from this we expected great things. The tents were pitched high on a mountain-side near timber-line, and below us for miles stretched a huge willow swamp, to the east of which lay the almost limitless pine forest in which we had found moose number one. We had intended one morning to go off to the conical hill again, but had not gone far and were sitting under the shelter of a rock scanning the swamp, when Dennis saw two cow moose in the distance. While looking at these I suddenly noticed quite a good bull right below us at the edge of the timber. As I examined him through my glasses Dennis found a far larger bull some way further off in the thick growth of alder and willow. We spent a few minutes in marking the position and then ran down the mountain-side to the forest edge; here we left our hats, coats, glasses, my rifle-case, etc., and plunged into the thicket on what seemed a perfectly hopeless quest. Dennis led the way, I literally following in his footsteps, for as he picked one foot up I put mine in exactly the same spot, knowing that thereby I avoided risk of stepping on a twig and giving alarm. We had proceeded some distance when I heard a stick snap. I touched Dennis on the shoulder, pointing in the direction from which I thought the sound had come. He nodded and we proceeded even more cautiously. A minute later we heard a deep grunt given by the bull—the sound seemed to come from a little way only—to the front of us. We had not proceeded more than a few yards when the Indian turned suddenly to me and said, "There he is, and he sees us; you had better shoot." Glancing in the direction indicated and stooping low to look through the stems of the underwood, I saw a huge pair of horn blades close to the ground. The animal was evidently alarmed and was trying to peer through the dense undergrowth also; possibly he thought it was the smaller bull—his rival—whom we had seen at the edge of the forest. It was most difficult to see what to shoot at as there was nothing in view except the great blades and the long nose. I, however, fired immediately, and hit him between and somewhat below the eyes, and this seemed to stun him, for he wheeled round and I got a step or two nearer and put in two shots behind the shoulder. This was all done at a distance of about thirty yards in an undergrowth far thicker than anything we know of at home. I found the horns had a spread of fifty-nine and three-quarter inches and carried twenty-two points. This really brought my hunting to a conclusion. It had begun on September 1st and finished on the 30th, and in that time I had secured two fine moose, two caribou, two sheep, two goats and two grizzly bears.

P. N. GRAHAM.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE RANGE OF THE PEREGRINE.

THE very name by which we know this magnificent falcon suggests how great a traveller the bird is and how very distant are its wanderings. Our British peregrine has, in fact, an almost world-wide distribution. It is found in the frozen North as far as Greenland and Jan Mayen, ranging Westward even to Cumberland Island, in Davis Strait. It is met with all over Europe, and, descending through Africa, has been identified as far south as Natal. In Asia its range extends to India and Burma; while sub-species or varieties, differing but little from the European type, have been met with so far east as Kamchatka, the Kurile Islands, China and Japan, where native artists have often reproduced the beauties and depicted the wonders of the flight of these falcons. The peregrine of North America (*Peregrinus anatum*), the well-known duck-hawk, is a very closely-allied species, having a somewhat ruddier breast than the European form. Various sub-species, all closely connected with our own falcon, are known in the Sunda Islands, Fiji and South America. Hitherto the true peregrine has been very seldom identified in South Africa. Layard makes mention of one received by Mr. Sclater from Natal, and I believe there is a record of another shot near Cape Town. Quite recently I have news of a pair of true peregrines, one of which was shot within two miles of Pretoria. This specimen is now in the museum of that town. Its mate was wounded, but managed to make its escape. Although the records of the European peregrine in South Africa are few, I am convinced that these grand falcons make their way to that country

more often than is supposed, and that future research will establish this fact more clearly. The lesser peregrine (*F. minor*), a smaller and somewhat darker race than ours, which occurs plentifully in South Africa and Madagascar, as well as in the Comoro Islands, bears a very strong resemblance to its bigger cousin, for which it is occasionally mistaken by English visitors. The well-known Barbary falcon, known over much of Africa north of the Soudan and the Niger, is a real peregrine, closely allied to the European species; while yet another peregrine is the Punic falcon (*Falco punicus*), whose range extends from Morocco to Asia Minor. This bird, which might very well be called the Moorish peregrine, is familiar on the European as well as on the African side of the Mediterranean.

### A CAROLEAN WRITER ON THE PEREGRINE.

Nicholas Cox, who published a book on field sports, known as "The Gentleman's Recreation," in the reign of Charles II., has, in his introduction to hawking, a quaint yet moving picture of the superb peregrine. "The Elements wherein the Falconer useth to trade," he says, "is the Air; and though he dealeth sometimes in the Water, yet he prefers the Air before it, that yielding him most recreation; for it is unable to stop the high soaring of his generous Falcon; in it she flies to such a height, that being lost to the sight of Mortals, she seems to converse with Heaven alone; and, like Icarus, endangers her wings to be scorched by the Sun-beams; and yet is fearless, cutting the fluid Air with her nimble Pinions, making her High-way over the steepest Mountains and deepest Rivers, and in her lofty career looks down with seeming contempt on the greatest Glories we most estimate: and yet, such is her Loyalty and Obedience to her Master, that a word from his mouth shall make her stoop and condescend." I am glad to note that peregrines this season seem to be as plentiful as usual along the great chalk cliffs of East Sussex, where, in spite of the assaults of greedy egg-collectors, they are certainly quite as numerous as they were fifteen years ago. These splendid falcons have, in truth, an extraordinary attachment to their ancient nesting haunts, and manage to hold their own, in Sussex at all events, with wonderful pertinacity.

### THE HONEY BUZZARD.

Honey buzzards are not, like the peregrine, resident in these islands. They are merely summer visitors, and are more often than not shot or snared soon after their arrival. It is, I suppose, too much to expect that the average gamekeeper should spare these interesting raptorial, which feed in summer chiefly on wild bees, wasps and their larvae, as well as dragon-flies and various insects; and seldom or never meddle with game. Among ordinary gunning folk the chance of shooting a rare visitor, such as this buzzard, is, I suppose, difficult to resist. If it were not for the persistent way in which they are harried on their arrival, there can be no doubt that a few honey buzzards would breed in some of our quieter British woods each season. Seven years ago a pair of these birds were met with in Norfolk on successive days. On September 24th one was taken in a trap near Cromer, while on the following day another was shot by a labourer on the Sandringham estate. In our big Sussex woodlands the honey buzzard occurs every now and again. Very rarely one may escape with its life, but, as a rule, the unfortunate bird is identified as a rarity and incontinentally slain.

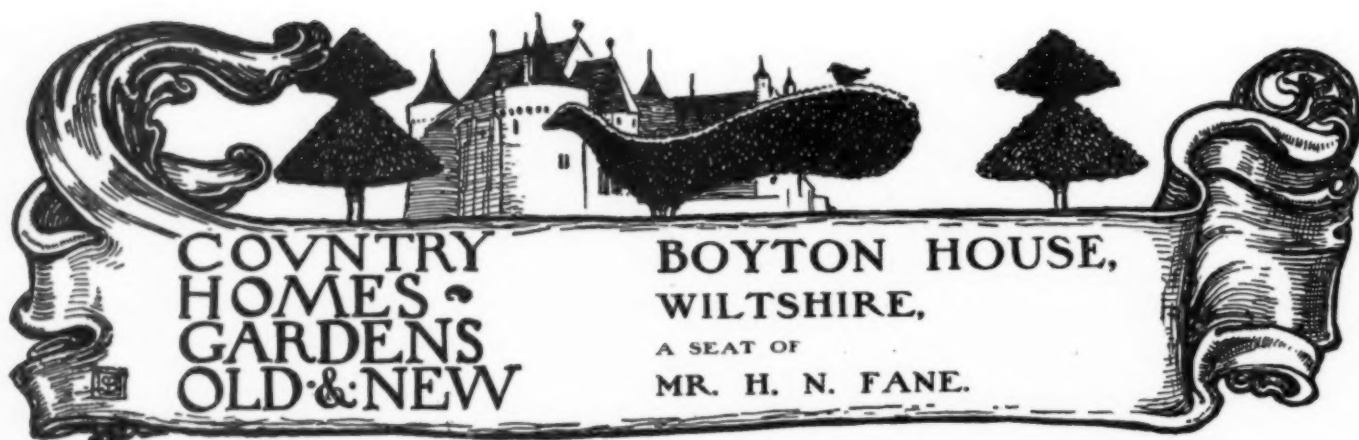
### THE MISDEEDS OF THE SHRIKE.

Not long since I noted in a contemporary a protest against the shrike, which was actually accused of destroying the young of partridges and pheasants. It was not stated whether the great grey shrike was hinted at or the red-backed species; but whichever was intended, the writer was bold enough to class the bird as a depredator with members of the Falconidae, such as merlins, sparrow-hawks and kestrels, the two former of which are certainly species banned by most game-preservers. The British shrikes include also the lesser grey shrike and the woodchat; but these two birds are so scarce in their occurrence as not to warrant inclusion in the accusation of which I have spoken. The question then arises: Does the great grey shrike, commonly known as the "butcher-bird," or the red-backed shrike, whose provincial name is "flusker" (a corruption of "flesher"), slay the young of game? Personally, in a fairly long experience I have not come across such an instance. The grey shrike is an autumn and winter visitant to Britain, and although a few of these birds are to be seen in spring and summer, they are at that time too scarce to be much dreaded at the period when the young of partridges and pheasants are about. At the same time, Colonel Montagu, author of the famous "Ornithological Dictionary," published in the early part of last century, has a note on this bird which is worth recalling. He says: "My neighbour's gamekeeper kills it as a bird of prey; and tells me he has known it draw the weak young pheasants through the bars of the breeding coops." Against this one may set off the facts that keepers of that period were not very discriminating, and that unless the habits of this shrike have greatly altered it was very unlikely to be seen during the game-rearing season in England at all. Selby, one of the earlier ornithologists, states that all the specimens of the grey shrike which have come under his observation had been killed in the months of November, December and January. For these reasons, then, I am inclined to regard any accusations against this shrike as a slayer of young game-birds as practically groundless; their misdeeds, if any, must in the very nature of things be so rare as to be not worth considering.

### THE RED-BACKED SHRIKE.

As regards this shrike I have long been familiar with its larder, and have seen impaled on thorns mice, beetles, especially the dorbeetle or cockchafer, bees, wasps and other insects, and, more rarely, the young of small birds and lizards. I have never seen the young of any kind of game-bird thus impaled, nor do I know of anyone who has. If readers of COUNTRY LIFE have had any such experience it would be very interesting to hear of it. It is possible that occasionally a very young partridge may be thus slain and impaled, but such instances must, I believe, be very rare. None the less, the red-backed shrike is a sufficiently formidable bird, and is, with its larger congener, the great grey shrike, regarded by most small birds with hate and fear. The fiercest and most truculent of all the shrikes with which I am acquainted is the well-known "fiskal" of the Cape (*Lanius collaris*). This bird, which equals in size our grey shrike, is extraordinarily bold and daring, and has often been known to enter a room full of people and attack domesticated cage-birds, and even tear them from their cages. It has a special fancy for canaries, which it assaults with murderous fury. It devours snakes, lizards, small birds, locusts, beetles, crabs and even fish. The rape of goldfish out of a fountain or aquarium is one of its predatory feats. Fierce and bold as are our British shrikes, I doubt very much whether even the youngest and smallest of fledgeling game-birds often form an item in their menu; they are certainly rarely, if ever, seen in the larder of the red-backed species—the only species which has much chance of sampling an infant partridge or pheasant.

H. A. BRYDEN.



**B**OYTON MANOR is situated in the valley of the river Wylde at the southern edge of Salisbury Plain. The house and church, which lie at the end of a wooded glade, seem quite secluded from the outer world and possess an indefinable atmosphere of delicate charm. The history of the place divides itself into two periods—the mediæval, connected with the church; the Elizabethan and later, connected with the house. But perhaps "history" is too stately a term to apply to the lapse of time in a backwater of the stream of events. Boyton did not escape mention in Domesday; it is

entered as Boientone. It was the property of the Saxon Alwyn, and was granted at the Conquest to Devereux, but it is with the family of Giffard that in early times Boyton is most closely connected. At the commencement of the twelfth century Elyas Giffard, lord of Brinsfield, founded the church of Boyton and gave it to the monks of Gloucester for the benefit of his soul. Previous to the possession of Boyton the Giffard family had held Sherrington, which is also in the Wylde Valley, and where there are traces of their castle. The fortunes of the Giffards may be followed in Sir Richard Colt

Hoare's History of Wiltshire. John Giffard was one of the barons who helped in the conquest of Wales. Walter was Lord Chancellor, Constable of the Tower and Archbishop of York. He had a bitter quarrel with the Archbishop of Canterbury with regard to the precedence of their respective sees, and died in 1279. His brother Godfrey succeeded the Archbishop at Boyton, and lived until 1301. His elaborate will leaves to his brother William "a ring set with a ruby and emerald, five other ancient and precious rings, also four drinking horns of bugle, which are at Boyton, with another horn having a foot of silver-gilt." Another John Giffard, who was known as "le Rych" from his great possessions, was a leader in the rebellion against Edward II. and his favourite, Hugh le Despencer. It was not the first baronial rebellion in which the Giffards had been implicated, but it was the most disastrous. John Giffard was taken prisoner at Burroughbridge and lost his life and his lands. Boyton and Sherrington were involved in this forfeiture. They passed to Sir John Maltravers, whose heiress carried them to her husband, Sir John Fitzalan, from whom they descended to the last Earl of Arundel. In 1572 he sold the manors of Boyton, Sherrington and others to Richard Lambert, Sheriff and Alderman of London, from whom they have descended directly to the present owner. The Lamberts were a Lincolnshire family, established at Kirton before their migration to London and Wiltshire.

In this brief outline mediæval history has merged into modern, and before carrying the story further it is worth while to look at the remains of the mediæval. Boyton Church, and more particularly the southern chapel, is a good



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

THE FORECOURT POSTS AND THE EAST ELEVATION.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'



Copyright

HOUSE AND CHURCH FROM THE WEST LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

specimen of Early English architecture. To what extent the Giffards lived at their Boyton manor is uncertain, but undoubtedly they liked to be buried there.

There is a magnificent tomb of Sir Alexander Giffard, which appears in the foreground of the photograph. In the centre of the chapel lies Lady Margaret Giffard, and between the two is the tomb of John Giffard, who forfeited his life at Burroughbridge. The western rose window is of great beauty. Besides the Giffards, there are fourteen Lambert memorials in the chapel; but the vault has now been closed for a couple of generations.

When Richard Lambert bought the property, the present house did not exist, and the form and fate of an older house are undiscoverable. His grandson, Thomas Lambert, completed the

manor house in 1618. Though it has suffered slightly from improvements, mainly during the early years of the eighteenth century, it remains a typical and curiously attractive specimen of the home of a country squire. The neighbouring house of Stockton, built by John Topp, is another of the same type. As regards the exterior, Boyton is mainly rough-casted, but the mullioned windows, gable copings and other portions are of Chilmark stone. The porch which appears in the first photograph leads into an oak-panelled hall. On its walls are hung eight portraits of Lamberts and their Wiltshire connections, painted in 1771 by Beech for Edmund Lambert, who had married Bridget Bourke, the daughter of Viscount Mayo. The drawing-room above retains all its original features, heightened by judicious repairs and renovations effected



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THE SOUTH AND WEST ELEVATIONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





BOWLING GREEN, TERRACES AND WOOD AS SEEN FROM THE PAVED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE HOUSE FROM THE NEW ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by the present tenant, Mr. Moffat. The ceiling is a simple one of plaster ribs forming an elaborate panel scheme with fleur-de-lys at the salient angles. Up to this ceiling the oak wainscoting reaches. It is divided into sections by fluted pilasters carrying an entablature of which the frieze is carved with a flat, strap-work device. The whole of this was painted, but the paint has been removed, and has disclosed the most beautifully-figured oak imaginable. The process of cleaning has given a slight degree of relief to this figuring, which is the hardest part of the wood tissue; and the wood has been left open-grained and of a cool, grey brown colour. There has been none of the oiling or other deleterious treatment, so frequently indulged in. The result, therefore, is beyond all praise.

At the side of the drawing-room is a recess over the porch, which contains the letters patent and seal of Queen Elizabeth granting a manorial licence to Edward Lambert. The panelling in the bedrooms on this floor is of the same kind as that in the drawing-room. A small oak staircase, the balustrade of which supports carved Pegasus heads, which are the Lambert crest, has a finely moulded plaster ceiling, and leads down from the drawing-room to a morning-room, which is wainscoted in walnut-wood. This panelling, staircase and the garden entrance were carried out by Edmund Lambert, who was M.P. for New Sarum during the last years of the seventeenth century.

At the opposite side of the house there are a Jacobean oak staircase and the dining-room. The latter was made by H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany when a tenant of Sir Edmund Fane. In 1842 Aylmer Lambert, a distinguished botanist, died without child, and his sister, who had married John Benett of Pyt House, the Member for Wilts, succeeded him. This John Benett was a descendant of John Benett who was Sheriff for Wilts in 1267. Of the marriage one daughter, Lucy Benett, survived, who married Arthur Fane, son of

General Sir Henry Fane. This latter had enjoyed an interesting career. A noted cavalry leader in the Peninsular War, he had commanded his regiment at Vimiero when under thirty, took a distinguished part in the later operations and concluded his services as Commander-in-Chief in India, dying on his way home. The elder son of Arthur Fane succeeded to Boyton, and the second son assumed the name of Benett and succeeded to the Benett properties.

Having sketched the story of the families connected with Boyton, it remains to refer to the gardens, and in particular to the improvements of the present tenant, Mr. Moffat. The

house and gardens were in considerable need of attention, and they have received at his hands a restoration which has been careful and judicious. The dominating idea has been return to the conditions which obtained in the seventeenth century, and in this Mr. Moffat has been entirely successful.

The newly laid out sunk stone garden with its mellowed pavement harmonises so well with the house that it might have been laid out by Thomas Lambert, the stone, of similar quality to that used in the building itself, having mellowed very well. A tall yew hedge separates this garden from the church. The bowling green is on the south side of the house. The characteristics of the older garden are grass terraces, bounded on either side by yew hedges, which make a charming setting for the broad grass walks. The top walk is approached by grass steps. At either end of this walk stand a stone shepherd and shepherdess, and beyond the walk rises an informal herbaceous border, which contrasts very pleasantly with the dark foliage of the typical English woodland beyond. On the north side a rose garden has been laid out by Mr. Moffat. Lead figures represent the seasons and a stone sundial warns the reader "Maneo nemini." There are four notable lead urns for which the present



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY URN.





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LOOKING WEST FROM THE PAVED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tenant is responsible. His last work has been a paved and balustraded bridge which gives access to the park and the wide downlands beyond. The story of Boyton is not eventful, but the place has that elusive quality—charm.

## THE RED DEER: PROSPECTS AND RETROSPECTS.

UP to the time of writing, the rifle has not been brought much into requisition in any of the principal Scottish forests, and certainly no first-class animal has yet been shot. On the majority of estates it was arranged some time ago that stalking and driving should not begin in earnest sooner than the 22nd or the 25th of this month. The fact is now clearly established that, although the stags summered wonderfully well, they are distinctly later than usual in getting their horns cleaned. Very few of them have, until now, been in a condition to become the particular objects of the sportsman's attention.

Last winter was unusually long and boisterous. A blizzard occurred about the middle of October, and from then until well on in May the weather continued wild and wet. These conditions were felt very severely by the antlered herd, and in many cases they suffered great privations and were reduced to dire straits. The result was that March and April exacted a heavy toll almost in every preserve, the rate of mortality during those months being considerably above the average of recent years. Even in the best of seasons the second half of spring, with its debilitating feast of young, soft, innutritious grass, seldom fails to test the vigour and stamina of stags and hinds. Many animals die ingloriously in ditches. Many more are carried off by scour and kindred ailments.

This year it naturally happened that, after the inordinate severity of the previous six months, the death list was appreciably heavier than usual. The surviving quadrupeds were generally lean and gaunt to a degree, and the hopes of foresters were at zero. All gloomy forebodings were falsified, however, by the course of events. Vegetation was plentiful from early summer, and deer came rapidly into condition. Rain fell copiously in the third week of July, just when the effect of the drought was beginning to assume a serious aspect. The happy result is that stags, although a trifle late, are well up to the average in point of heads and haunches. The transformation which took place in the forests between the beginning of May and that of August has been marvellous and almost unprecedented. Very fair sport will unquestionably be obtained in the next two months. Comparatively few moors and forests remain unlet in Scotland. In the Inverness district most of the old tenants have returned. All the Badenoch preserves have been let, the majority to former lessees. There is scarcely a single forest of any note without a tenant in Wester Ross.

Whether or not to provide hand-feeding for deer during inclement weather, like that experienced last winter, is a question which has been forced once again on the attention of proprietors and sporting tenants. The two principal objections to artificial feeding are its costliness and its conduciveness to diminish the self-reliance and foraging assiduity of the favoured animals. I do not propose in the meantime to enter into the

pros and cons of the subject, but feel bound to point out that judicious feeding has for many years been attended with the happiest results as regards heads and haunches in Arran, Glenquoich and other well-known preserves. His late Majesty King Edward VII. was a firm believer in the efficacy of feeding. At Balmoral, whenever severe weather occurs, locust beans and other comestibles are duly laid out. In many of our foremost and best-managed forests, such as Atholl (Home), Guisachan, Glenfiddich, Invercauld and Mamore, hand-feeding is provided to a more or less extent.

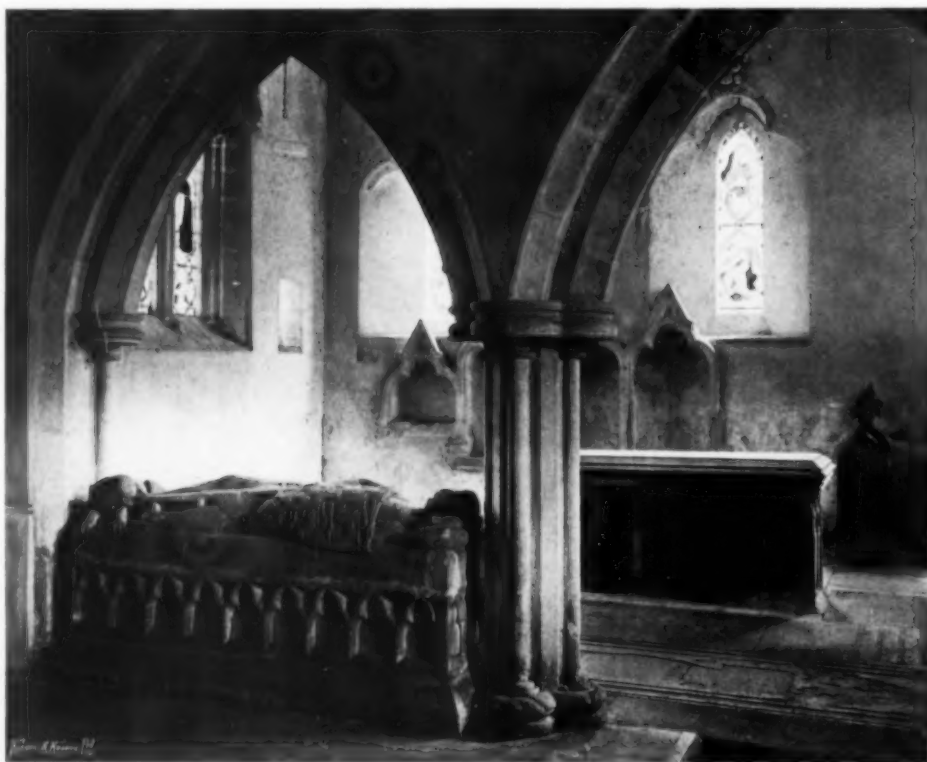
It is a remarkable but well-attested fact that deer are less hardy than black-faced sheep. A Lochaber sportsman tells me that on a certain farm in the upper stretches of that superlatively mountainous district the lambs never saw black ground from the moment of their birth in the last week of April last until May 10th, yet they and their dams contrived to eke out an adequate subsistence. In much less elevated situations members of the cervine breed succumbed in large numbers to the rigours of the weather. A thick, snowy mantle cuts the animals off from their natural food supply. We read in the "Chronicles of Fortingall" for 1561: "Meikle snaw in all partis; mony deir and rays slain that yeir." The ruddy herd dislike rain and sleet even more than snow.

Do hinds produce more than one at a birth? Scrope waxed quite dogmatic on the point. "The female," he observed,

"never has more than one calf at a time, though the contrary opinion has been entertained." On seeing a hind in autumn followed by the calves of the current and previous seasons, not a few people are quite ready to infer that she has given birth to twins. Such evidence is not to be regarded as conclusive, neither is the discovery of a dam in the act of suckling two calves. I have lived for many years in a district which embraces a number of huge deer preserves, and have had interviews on the subject with scores, if not hundreds, of foresters. I have hitherto failed, however, to find one authentic

local instance of twins having been seen. There is a record, indeed, of a park hind belonging to the Duke of Fife having twins at Duff House in 1852. It is stated that a Glen Affric forester in January, 1890, obtained clear proof of twin pregnancy. A Braemore forester, while engaged in gralloching, observed twins in embryo, which he placed on a stone near at hand. When two keepers went to remove the venison they satisfied themselves with respect to the interesting fact, but the forester regretted later that he had not preserved the fetus.

A. H.



BOYTON CHURCH: THE SOUTHERN CHAPEL AND TOMBS.

## THE PRESERVATION OF ALASKAN FUR-SEALS.

IN 1890 the American Commercial Company were granted a lease by the Government of the United States conferring upon them the exclusive right to kill, under certain restrictions, fur-seals or sea-bears on the Pribilof Islands, Behring Sea, for commercial purposes. This licence expired on April 10th last, and has not been renewed. Consequently the control of the seal herds reverts to the American Government, who have to decide what measures should be taken for their protection, and to what extent killing should be continued on the islands, or whether it should be altogether prohibited for a certain number of years. The Pribilofs, we



may remind our readers, were acquired by the United States Government by purchase from Russia about the year 1867; and a few years later (1874) it was estimated that they were annually visited by something like four and a-half million sea-bears. At the present time these enormous hosts have dwindled down to a miserable remnant of between thirty and fifty thousand head; and there seems little doubt that unless active and efficient steps are taken for the preservation of this remnant, fur-seals, so far as commerce is concerned, will practically disappear, and sealskin will be no longer obtainable.

The sea-bears, it may be well to mention, reach the Pribilofs (St. George and St. Paul Islands) during June and July, the old males arriving first, and each collecting round him a harem of breeding females, as the latter make their appearance somewhat later. Younger seals, of both sexes, associate by themselves in herds apart from the breeding parties, and of the former only the males or "bachelors" may legally be killed for commercial purposes. During the time of their sojourn on the Pribilofs many of those not actually engaged in breeding (exclusive of the old males) take long excursions out to sea, frequently travelling to a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles from the shore, and remaining at sea from ten days to a fortnight at a time. It is these seals which fall victims to pelagic, or open sea, sealing, a pernicious practice which appears to be the main factor in the recent depletion of the herds.

By a treaty executed a few years ago American subjects were altogether debarred from pelagic sealing, while British subjects resident in Canada were permitted to engage in this pursuit only outside the sixty-mile limit, and this alone during the non-breeding seasons. Unfortunately, Japan, which had not then (1893) come to the fore, was no party to the Anglo-American agreement, and Japanese vessels are consequently at liberty to practise pelagic sealing to any extent their owners please anywhere outside the three-mile limit without any restriction as to season. Of this opportunity for acquiring wealth the Japanese have not been slow to avail themselves, with the disastrous results to the herds already mentioned. That pelagic sealing of every kind ought to be stopped, and that immediately, is the opinion of every competent observer; but as the prohibition will give rise to International questions of great delicacy and importance, it cannot be established and enforced in a hurry.

Apart from pelagic sealing there is, however, the question of the treatment of the seal herds on the Pribilofs during the three months of the breeding season, and on this point a somewhat serious and embittered dispute is now taking place in the United States. There exists in the States a body known as the American Camp-Fire Club, with a membership of between three and four hundred, chiefly recruited from big-game-hunters and those interested in the American fauna generally. This body of men have issued a kind of manifesto in the shape of an open letter addressed to the people of the United States, together with copies of certain correspondence on the subject of fur-seal destruction which has taken place between their committee and the Secretary of Commerce and Labour. The secretary, it appears, was inclined to renew the lease to the Commercial Company for a period of twenty years, but this is stated to have been stopped by the intervention of the club. Experts consulted by the secretary have, however, recommended the killing of as many as ninety-five per cent. of the male seals each year, in order to prevent the internecine battles which, they aver, will take place unless this course is adopted. The Camp-Fire Club, on the other hand, contend that any such slaughter is not only unnecessary but actually mischievous, and they claim that all killing on the Pribilofs should be prohibited for ten years in order to give the seals a chance—if pelagic sealing be also stopped—of recuperating to a point when they can safely be called upon to yield an annual revenue of something like four hundred thousand pounds from their skins.

Without presuming to state which party is in the right, we venture to hope that the disputants will drop the acrimonious tone of their discussion, and settle down in good earnest to put matters on a satisfactory footing before it is too late. One matter not noticed in the aforesaid document will demand serious attention. Our Canadian fellow-subjects claim to be entitled to practise pelagic sealing outside the sixty-mile limit, and this claim has been admitted in the treaty referred to. If, however, pelagic sealing be totally prohibited by International treaty, Canada will lose an asset of considerable value, and it therefore seems only equitable that they should be allowed, when such prohibition comes into force and seal-killing is resumed on the Pribilofs, some percentage of the profits derived from the sealskins taken on the islands.

R. L.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE DELPHINIUMS OR LARKSPURS.

THOSE who make a special study of colour and harmony in the garden know only too well how few hardy plants there are which have blossoms of rich gentian blue colour, and for this reason, as well as for others, the stately hybrid Delphiniums which have been brought into

existence during the last thirty years command attention. There are few of the more popular hardy flowers about which so little is known of their origin. Growers have guarded this secret well, but the perennial hybrids as we now know them may safely be regarded as a comparatively modern race. Judging by their general characters, it is safe to assume that two species were largely used by hybridists in the creation of the race, viz., *D. grandiflorum* and *D. elatum* or *exaltatum*, but no doubt others have been utilised for obtaining different colour effects, and the intercrossing

of varieties must have been freely adopted in the creation of many of the latest garden forms.

The common names of Larkspur and the older "Larkes heels" were derived from the elongated segment of the flower, which forms a sort of spur or tube which old floral students, as was their usual custom, soon discovered resembled to some extent the hindmost claw of a lark's foot. Very old garden varieties of the Larkspur were apparently all annuals, as no mention of true perennials is to be found previous to 1741, when *D. grandiflorum* was introduced from America. At the present time, of course, the annual Larkspurs or Delphiniums are of minor importance, having been almost eclipsed by the more vigorous and stately perennials.

Hybrids of these perennials were raised in France so long ago as the sixties of the last century, and it is on record that the Scotch firm of Messrs. R. B. Laird and Sons were raising them



PERSIMMON.



DOUBLE SKY BLUE LARKSPUR.



REV. E. LASCELLES.

Sulphureum or Zalil approaches this colour, the flowers being perhaps best described as dull primrose. White varieties are also known, but these are not good garden plants, and it is improbable that they will ever become as popular as the blue flowers. Of the latter colour there are shades innumerable, ranging from the deepest gentian to the palest Cambridge blue, with varying mixtures of mauve and lilac to relieve the monotony that a fastidious taste might possibly find in so beautiful a flower.

The height of the plants varies a great deal, and recently raisers have been directing their energies more to the dwarfier, branching types, though the taller, rocket-like examples have not been neglected. Plants ranging from 18in. to 6ft. or more in height are now easily obtainable, and the value of these when grouping has to be done will be fully appreciated. In the evolution of the modern Delphinium the beautiful sky blue Belladonna had until quite recently played an unimportant part. Its value as a garden plant was, of course, fully recognised; but it was of little use to the hybridist, as rarely indeed could it be induced to produce seed.



PRINCE ANDREW.

in 1883. Shortly after this Mr. James Kelway entered the field, and in 1888 he obtained an award of merit from the Royal Horticultural Society, probably the first award that was given to a variety of this race. Since then Mr. Kelway has raised new varieties at a wonderful rate, and other growers, notably Mr. Amos Perry, have during recent years given much attention to the flower, with the result that varieties are now almost as plentiful as the ubiquitous Sweet Pea.

Mention has already been made of the value of the Delphinium on account of its vivid blue flowers. Other colours have been introduced, but have not, up to the present, made much headway. A good yellow flower has still to be obtained.

During the last decade, however, seeds have been obtained in a few instances, with the result that a number of varieties having the same branching and free-flowering properties as the parent have been raised. This accomplished, the evolution of a double-flowered form was not a difficult task, and the first double, or rather semi-double, example of D. Belladonna is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. This was raised by Mr. Amos Perry, and received an award of merit when shown at the Royal Horticultural Society's summer show at Holland Park. In another illustration we find represented a new variety named Lamartine, which also received an award of merit at the same time, principally on account of its intense and brilliant blue colour. In this variety the spur is very pronounced, the single flowers resembling closely in shape those of the

old-fashioned Larkspur, and the branching habit of the plant is well shown.

In the variety Prince Andrew another distinct type is to be found. The petals are broader and the flowers large, showing how the flower has been changed in form. In habit, too, it is quite distinct. The long, rocket-like spike, surrounded with just a few side flower-shoots, renders this type a valuable one for creating bold groups in large borders or for massing in the centre of large beds. Prince Andrew is one of Messrs. Kelway's varieties. The colour is dark cobalt blue, with an almost black centre. Of similar erect habit, but with a much more branching character, is the variety Persimmon, also one of Messrs. Kelway's raising, and one of the developments from Belladonna previously referred to. The colour is pure bright blue. The side shoots of this free-branching type are valuable for cutting; they are of medium size, and lend themselves to effective arrangement in decorations of various kinds. One of the most distinct double-flowered varieties that has ever been exhibited is the Rev. E. Lascelles, a small portion of a spike of which is illustrated. This has the rocket-like habit of Prince Andrew, and the double flowers have the two outer rows of petals rich gentian blue, while the eye or centre is pure white, the effect at first being almost startling. At the Holland Park Show this year this variety was shown in splendid form by Messrs. G. Bunyard



LAMARTINE.

and Co., a firm which has recently done a good deal with the modern garden Delphiniums. The foliage of these plants varies considerably in shape and adds not a little to their general effectiveness.

Fortunately, the culture of these beautiful hardy flowers is simple and their requirements small. One point, however, is essential, viz., deep and thorough working of the soil, which must at the same time be well enriched with short farmyard or stable manure. Given this and copious waterings with clear water, alternated with very weak applications of liquid manure, and timely attention to staking, the Delphiniums will provide for some weeks a wealth of blossom that cannot be surpassed by any other hardy flower. The early autumn and the spring months are the best times for planting, and where the soil has been properly prepared the clumps should be placed from two and a-half to three and a-half feet apart, according to the variety. When forming groups in the border, use three or five plants to a group, according to the size of the border and the boldness of the display required.

During the winter, especially with newly planted examples, it will be necessary to cover the crowns to a depth of at least two inches with coal-ashes, otherwise slugs will almost certainly find the embryo shoots and eat them, with the result that only a few weak, non-flowering shoots will be produced in spring. Unless it is desired to save seed, the stems should be cut down



almost to the ground-level as soon as the flowers have faded; then if proper attention is given to watering and manuring, a smaller but welcome display of flowers is often obtained in the autumn.

Seeds may be sown in beds of fine soil outdoors in July, and the plants obtained thus will frequently bloom the following year. Another plan, and one that should be adopted where the soil is of a clayey character, is to sow in boxes or pans in a

cold frame, subsequently pricking off and planting out the seedlings as they become large enough. Where it is desired to perpetuate named varieties, division of the clumps should be resorted to, the best time for doing this being spring, when the young shoots are an inch or two inches high. Whether it is desired to increase the old plants or not, it is advisable to lift them about once in five years, divide the clumps, and then replant the strongest outside portions.

F. W. H.

## THE "TWELFTH" ON LORD LONSDALE'S MOORS

GROUSE-DRIVING, which has now for many years been so fashionable a sport, appears to have been first practised as far back as the year 1805, in an amateurish way, on one or two Yorkshire moors. Mr. W. Spencer Stanhope of Cannon Hall, Barnsley, in a letter dated 1885, quoted in the Badminton Library volume on "Shooting," mentions that his grandfather's keeper, in or about that year, used to drive grouse to his (Mr. Stanhope's)

than a thousand brace to the guns in a single day. In 1872, seven guns bagged 1,040 brace on this moor, and on another day 1,313 brace. In 1904, ten guns on Mr. Rimington Wilson's famous moor (Broomhead) killed 2,751 grouse, while last year 3,119 grouse were killed by nine guns in two days' shooting, of which the first day yielded 2,069 head. These are marvellous records, which testify eloquently to the grouse-carrying capabilities of the Yorkshire moorlands. If one wanted to quote further



W. A. Rouch.

COMING STRAIGHT FOR THE GUNS.

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brothers, who were then boys, and lay concealed behind rocks on the low moor at Rayner Stones. By the year 1841, when Mr. Stanhope himself began to shoot, there were regular drives, but no butts, the guns concealing themselves behind stones and rocks. The late Earl of Leicester used to go to Cannon Hall every year at that time and always insisted on having a few drives. Three brace for a gun per drive was then considered a large bag, and the first time a bag of fifty brace was obtained in this way was in or about the year 1843. By the year 1847 it began to dawn on the shooters that holes for concealment—improved later into butts—were excellent things, and henceforth the modern system of grouse-driving and butts began to come into vogue on this and other Yorkshire moors. From such small beginnings have developed the wonderful grouse-shooting records of the present day.

Yorkshire is, of course, the standing example of successful grouse-driving. That fine county probably carries more grouse to the acre than any other part of Britain, and the phenomenal bags which have been achieved since 1872 have been made on the big moors of this county. The Broomhead Moors, for example, have twice achieved the distinction of producing more

evidence on this head one has only to recall other celebrated Yorkshire moors, such as Wemmergill, High Force and Blubberhouse. Wemmergill yielded to the gun, in the great grouse season of 1872, as many as 15,000 of these birds, of which Sir Frederick Milbanke, the owner, himself accounted for no less than 5,668 head! At High Force, in the same great year, 15,000 grouse were also recorded; while Blubberhouse still holds the record for the greatest number of grouse ever bagged by a single gunner, the wonderful achievement of Lord Walsingham, who in 1872 killed to his own gun on that moor no less than 842 grouse.

These wonderful figures indicate very clearly the immense advances that have been made since North Country sportsmen forsook the ancient and time-honoured practice of "dogging" and devoted themselves steadily to the driving system, a system which has undoubtedly resulted in largely increasing the head of game on the various moors shot over, and, as a corollary, the number of birds secured by the guns. Of course, it is not to be forgotten that experience, skilled management of moors and systematic heather-burning have also been factors in the piling up of the great bags which are now made on the best moors of



W. A. Rouch.

LORD LONSDALE EXPLAINS.

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these islands. Grouse are, of course, found pretty plentifully in Wales, and some good shooting is to be obtained in the Principality. In the North of England, besides Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Durham and Northumberland are also shires which can show wide stretches of grand moorland country and produce excellent grouse-shooting, although none of them can quite rival the unparalleled sport which has made Yorkshire so famous.

Among great landowners in the North who can offer excellent grouse-shooting for their guests, the Earl of Lonsdale is well known. His lordship has among his innumerable acres some magnificent stretches of grouse-bearing country lying in Westmoreland, at no great distance from Lowther Castle. The beauties of Lowther are well known. Some faint hints of the splendid solitudes amid which that famous seat lies were given at the Olympia Horse Show this year, when the castle, its gardens and the magnificent fell scenery which environs it were depicted around the great show hall, and witnessed by many thousands of sport-loving people. Lowther is, in truth, one of the finest seats in the North of England, a place where the German Emperor has on several occasions tasted the pleasure of British country life on the grand scale.

On the 12th inst. Lord Lonsdale brought off his first grouse-shooting of the season on the Keld Moors in Westmoreland, where the butts are arranged on much the same system as at

of a day's shooting in this part of Westmoreland. The butts are, as a rule, well sunk, and are not calculated unduly to alarm the approaching grouse. Lord Lonsdale himself



W. A. Rouch.

"RAD" RETRIEVES TO HIS MASTER.

Copyright.

has recently favoured a scarce and remarkable breed of yellow Labrador retrievers, bred by Captain Radclyffe, the well-known big-game sportsman. He possesses also, for the use of his keepers and friends, a useful breed of brown, curly-coated retriever. It may be noted that his lordship is a great believer in breaking his own dogs, and personally bestows much attention upon this too often neglected detail. The gunners forming the party at Lowther for the Twelfth were all well-known sportsmen and good shots. Lord Desborough, as may be seen in the illustration, is a left-handed shot, but is none the less formidable on that account. The Keld Moors consist of mingled heather and grass. This was a quiet day; there was not a great deal of walking, and sport concluded at about three o'clock.

On the following day, the 13th, the venue was the Bretherdale Moors, twelve miles from Lowther Castle. The Earl of Shrewsbury took the place of the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, and it speaks volumes for the reliability of the modern motor-car that, notwithstanding that Lord Shrewsbury was making his way from Eaton Hall, where he had been previously engaged, he arrived at Bretherdale to the very tick of the watch (10.30) at the appointed hour. Bretherdale is a grand rolling stretch of moorland country lying among typical



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LORD LONSDALE IN HIS BUTT.

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OVER THE SFEAKER'S BUTT.

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Westmoreland fell scenery. The man who cannot appreciate the magnificent sense of solitude to be found in this part of England, the freedom, the clean, life-giving air, the sense of exhilaration born of a high altitude, must be lost indeed to the finer impressions of mankind. At Bretherdale shooting is conducted on a somewhat different system than at Keld. There are more butts, and consequently a good deal more walking, the last beat finishing about six o'clock. The Twelfth in Westmoreland was dull and heavy. None the less, the grouse came fairly well to the guns, as may be seen in one of the illustrations. On the 13th there was more sun and the heat was considerable; in consequence the birds lay extraordinarily close, so much so that a few gunners shooting over dogs would have enjoyed quite good sport. For this reason, not so many grouse as usual for this excellent moor were driven to the gunners. However, a fair average day's sport was experienced. Our illustrations give a good idea of shooting in this part of England.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### BUDGETS IN FARMING.

**I** JUDGE that very few farmers indeed go the length of setting up for themselves standards in each department of farmwork to which they may constantly endeavour to attain, or exceed. I have suggested the idea several times, but I am always met with the reply: "What is the use of such standards when they may, and certainly would, be constantly knocked over by the vagaries of

weather and the fluctuations of market, matters over which we have no control?" The argument, however, is not at all convincing, for in every business to which the principle of budgetting is applied there are elements of chance which are outside all human control and are subject to no law except that of average. The farmer's income is certainly affected very greatly by the conditions of season and by the demand which exists for the produce he has to sell; but the disturbing influences are perhaps neither more numerous nor of greater magnitude than in the case of multitudes of tradesmen and companies of all kinds whose business success depends not only on weather, but on the caprice of fashion and the general uncertainty of demand. Old-time farmers budgetted in rough-and-ready fashion for the requirements of the average year. The receipts from certain sources were set aside for the rent; wages payable in money—which were easily met in those days—came from somewhere else; and so on with all the rest of the incomings and outgoings, something on the one side was definitely allocated to meet something on the other, and there was thus a more or less clear idea of what should be aimed at. I do not, of course, mean that all farmers followed this plan, but many did.

The general turnover, however, and confusion which followed the close of the seventies destroyed all standards.

They were clung to, nevertheless, in many cases, often with desperate tenacity; and it was pathetic to hear, as one often heard when times were about their worst, some such agonised statement as this: "It is the truth I tell you, the corn did not meet the wages, and I have nothing to pay the rent." Once it is recognised and acknowledged that success in farming depends far more on circumstances which are controllable than on those which are not, the value of a budget based on the results of an average year is clearly seen. In the case of a mixed farm, the budget sets out the number of acres under each crop and the yield which each ought to make. The

breeding ewes should produce so many lambs, a given weight of wool should be yielded, and the pastures must carry a particular



W. A. Rouch.

LORD MAR AND KELLIE IN A WELL-SUNK BUTT.

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W. A. Rouch.

LORD DESBOROUGH.

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head of summering cattle. In winter, a certain number of fattening sheep and cattle are to be turned out, and definite amounts require to be obtained from the other odds and ends of farm revenue. Similarly, on the other side of the account there are allocated definite sums for wages, permanent and casual, for purchased foods for cattle and sheep separately, and for the value of home-grown corn and hay needed for horses and, generally, for all outgoings, particular care being taken with those items of expenditure which are in their nature elastic,



F. Babbage.

MR. SALOMON'S PRIZE SHIRE FILLY.

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and which are so ready to stretch to an abnormal length if not constantly and carefully watched. This budget once made would stand year after year, subject only to such adjustment as experience showed to be necessary. Set out clearly and as tersely as possible, the figures would be readily assimilated and committed to memory and brought out as need might require at any time and on any part of the farm. And this would be the benefit: the farmer, knowing what had to be done by each department in order that it might come out right at the end of the year, would be constantly stimulated to go one better than the standard. This stimulus does not come readily to the man who is working merely at random and "hoping for the best." He does not know the level he must reach, and, therefore, never knows just how far up he has got. The budgeting man who, for example, knows that he must have one hundred and forty lambs from each one hundred ewes is induced to consider, when autumn approaches, whether he cannot reach to one hundred and fifty. He knows about "flushing" in a general way, but has not paid special attention to it. Now, however, he wonders whether it would not be worth trying in order to get

that extra half-score of lambs, and he counts the cost and seems to see money in it, and puts it into practice. Probably this leads him to enquire into the whys and wherefores of the matter from other points of view, and he speedily finds himself equipped with information which proves to be of the utmost use. The same desire to improve on standard leads him to consider whether something cannot be done to increase the yield of corn and roots, either by manurial treatment, or better tillage, or change of seed, or perhaps all three.

Consideration of the produce consumed at home tempts him to enquire whether it is all profitably used, and not improbably he has his eyes opened as to the amount of waste which unwittingly is taking place. It is too often the case that no definite money value is assigned to this home-grown and home-used produce, and the credit given to the field which yielded the crop has no corresponding debit set against the stock which consumed it. I have often thought—a rather extravagant idea, I admit—that if every farmer were to sell to his next-door neighbours the turnips, oats and hay which they needed, and to buy from them the hay, oats and turnips he required, a wonderful improvement would be effected in the economical use of such produce, for everything brought in would have a price attached to it and more care would be taken to make it go as far as it would. In the case of cash expenditure, it is an immense advantage to know beforehand how much may be spent under each head without putting undue strain on the resources of the farm. The mere fact of having a definite limit conduces to economical management, and it is surprising how far one can make a sovereign go on a farm, just as in other directions, when one knows there are no more sovereigns to be got. In the absence of a basis or limit, there can be no freedom in expenditure on the one hand, and no check, where check is needed, on the other. J. C.

#### CONTAGIOUS ABORTION.

Happily this year we have not heard so much concerning outbreaks of contagious abortion among cattle; but, still, there is always that element of uncertainty as to when and where such outbreaks will occur. I was at a farm sale the other day, and was particularly interested in the course of events by reason of the fact that the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, Sir Edward Strachey, was present. He had the finest evidence that could be put before a Chairman of the Departmental Committee on Contagious Abortion in Cattle, and unintentionally. A farmer was retiring through ill-health and a local auctioneer was selling out his herd for him. It was a pitiable sight to see such a herd and such prices resulting from a herd that had won many prizes and much renown in the dairy world. From six pounds to ten pounds came the bids, and the reason was that for several years this herd had been decimated by outbreaks of abortion. The farmer had tried to build up his herd again and again, with, perhaps, the net result of one or two live calves during the year. He was bound to have milk, so he bought in what would milk for a while and leave the herd again with the least loss, as many a score of farmers have had to do before. Then the plague was stayed, and some of his stirk heifers made as much as thirty-six pounds per pair. What better evidence of the enormous losses of contagious abortion could be afforded than in this direct pecuniary result at a dairy-farmer's sale? E. W.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE study of bird-life has probably received more attention than any other branch of zoology. Many books have been published on the subject dealing chiefly with the various groups and species of birds, their life-history and habits, but, from the point of view of the evolutionist, little has been done since Darwin laid the foundation for the investigation of the many mysteries and fascinating problems to which he called attention.

*A History of Birds*, by W. P. Pycraft (Methuen and Co.), forms the second of a series of four volumes on Evolutionary Natural History, called "Animal Life," edited by Mr. Pycraft, who is likewise the author of the present work. The principal objects of the present volume are briefly and ably summarised by Sir E. Ray Lankester in the Introduction; and while in the main he warmly praises Mr. Pycraft's undoubtedly excellent work, he offers certain criticisms. For instance, he writes: "Mr. Pycraft thinks that a humid atmosphere undoubtedly causes an intensification of pigment inclining to melanism. That would be very important if it were experimentally demonstrated, but that seems not to be the case, nor is the chemical change by which such intensification of pigment, or the production of independent black pigment, could be arrived at by the action of a humid atmosphere as yet suggested."

There are, however, many undoubted cases of the influence of a humid atmosphere on the plumage of birds, and had he known of it Mr. Pycraft might have found an admirable instance of this

in a paper on the Hemipodes or Bustard-Quails (*Turnix*), published in the *Ibis* in 1884. The Indian bustard-quail (*Turnix taigour*) ranges over India, Ceylon, Burma and the Malay States to China, Formosa and the Loo-Choo Islands, and throughout this wide area the prevailing tone of colour of the upper parts varies greatly in different localities. In some localities these parts are dark brown, in others, bright rufous or some intermediate tint. An examination of a very large number of specimens from the countries mentioned has clearly proved that the tone of the plumage varied with the amount of annual rainfall. Where the rainfall is great (one hundred inches or more), the prevailing colour is dark brown; where it is moderate (sixty to seventy inches), the tone is more rufous; and where it is comparatively small (twenty to thirty inches), the birds are very bright rufous. Thus the colour of the plumage of these bustard-quails from any given area affords a very accurate index to the amount of annual rainfall in that locality. The darkest birds come from Sikkim, the Malay Peninsula, Siam and Formosa, and the most rufous from Central and Southern India, North-eastern Ceylon, Karennee, South China (Canton) and the Loo-Choo Islands.

As regards the seasonal life of birds and their relations to moisture, temperature, etc., we have already made remarks, and we certainly agree with the author in believing "that there is a direct relation between high temperature and a dry atmosphere on the one hand and weak pigmentation on the other." All ornithologists are deeply interested on the subject of migration



and its origin, and Mr. Pycraft offers some original views which deserve special consideration. He believes, for instance, that our British migrants are the descendants of so many "local races" of their species, which have for generations returned to this country year after year, and that as the parent stock became exterminated, both here and abroad, none were left to return to their breeding-grounds. Consequently, certain species, such as the avocets, spoonbills, etc., have become extinct in Britain. Against this theory it must be said that avocets still visit our south-eastern shores in spring, and would probably breed if they were not shot down as soon as they arrive, and these birds can hardly be descendants of British birds, since the species has not been known to breed in this country for nearly a century.

A specially interesting chapter is that on the relations of birds to the animate environment. We are told how sun-birds and humming-birds play the part of insects in the pollination of flowers, and how seeds are dispersed through the agency of birds. A most interesting *résumé* is given of the series of experiments carried out by the eminent botanist Kerner to test the vitality of seeds after they have been swallowed by birds. In many groups, such as the game-birds, pigeons, ducks and finches, the seeds when passed were found to be incapable of germination; in the ravens and jackdaws stones and hard-coated seeds of berries passed through the intestines uninjured, while soft-coated seeds and fruits were destroyed; and among thrushes a very large percentage of the seeds swallowed proved fertile.

Mr. Pycraft believes that the earliest birds were arboreal, and laid their eggs in holes in trees or on stumps, and that subsequently those which spread to the open country developed the art of building nests on the ground to protect themselves from damp. The habit of nest-building having been thus established, "wherever the eggs were laid, some receptacle would be first constructed, and thus the way was prepared for those birds which, to avoid their enemies, took to laying their eggs amid the branches of shrubs and trees." A remarkable instance of this might well have been referred to, viz., that of the curious pigeon *didunculus*, from Samoa. It is said that this species formerly bred on the ground, and with the introduction of pigs became almost extinct; subsequently it changed its habits and took to nesting in trees, and has now greatly increased.

The subject of nidification is well dealt with and full of interest, but we feel some doubt as to the redshank weaving a dome of growing grass over its eggs, for among the many nests of this species which we have found, some in tufts of grass and others in perfectly open situations, no attempt had been made by the bird to form any such structure. Further, as regards the nesting of the albatrosses (page 175), we believe that it is a fact that *Oestrelata neglecta* also breeds on the open ground in the Kermadec Islands. Before passing over the chapters on eggs and care of off-spring we may remark that the author is somewhat mistaken in stating that the "young pigeon thrusts its beak within that of the parent." This may be the case with very young squabs, but in older birds the reverse obtains, and that is the reason why young pigeons are provided with so wide a gape. It is also stated, on page 215, that hornbills only lay one egg; but though this may occasionally be the case it is not the rule, for as many as four eggs are sometimes found. In writing on nestling birds the author makes some valuable remarks on that most remarkable and aberrant type of bird, the South American hoazin (*Opisthocomus*), which is regarded as more nearly approaching *Archæopteryx* than any other living bird. The young are provided with well-developed claws on the thumb and first finger; these with the aid of their bill (which is used parrot fashion) and feet enable them at a very early age to climb about the tree in which the nest is placed. We may add that they are also able to swim and dive well, as was shown by Mr. J. J. Quelch, who published a most interesting account of this species in the *Ibis* for 1890. Special attention should be paid to the remarks on the coloration of the down of nestling birds and on the brilliantly coloured markings generally confined to the mouth in many naked and helpless young, which the author suggests may guide the parent bird in feeding their young in dimly lighted nests. There seems to be strong presumptive evidence to show that the primitive coloration of young birds took the form of longitudinal stripes, as may be seen to perfection in the young of the emu.

Lastly, we have chapters on structural and functional adaptations and on convergent evolution, on which, had space permitted, we should like to have offered some remarks, as the last-named subject has occupied the author's special attention for many years, but we can only recommend them to the notice of those who take up this book, which is full of interest and displays a deep knowledge of birds.

The illustrations are mostly very good, and have been well selected. We may, perhaps, add that as the book is manifestly intended to appeal, as it certainly will do, to the general public, Mr. Pycraft would have done well to make his statements in the most simple and easily understood terms; this is not always the case, and some at least of these statements will require

modification in a future edition. More careful editing would also have saved a large number of misprints, and a very much more complete index would have added greatly to the value of an otherwise excellent and original piece of work.

#### A LOUNGING HERO.

**Not Guilty**, by W. E. Norris. (Constable.)

THE amiable and interesting course of this story travels by a pleasant road. No one gets very excited about anything, and the hero, even in circumstances that might well excite it, never loses hold of a well-balanced philosophy that enables him to remain serene throughout—and, incidentally, leaves the reader serene also. Stephen is a striking instance of the truth of the old saying about a dog and a bad name. He is accused of murder, of arson, of being a heartless jilt, of a hundred dire sins, none of which he has committed and from none of which he can clear himself save at the expense of somebody else. Being the hero, he naturally remains uncleared. He lounges through the tale, which may perhaps be said to lounge a little itself, and he appears to care so little of what he is accused that instead of our being aroused to a passionate pity for his misfortunes and delight in his acquittal, we feel it hardly matters whether anyone who seems to mind so little should ever be acquitted at all! But this failure through over-emphasis of an attempted effect is the only failure in a capable and pleasant story. Celia, the serene little lady whom Stephen wins at last, manages to be charming as well as calm. The wicked Agatha is very wicked, and one is not allowed so much as a pang of pity for her. But everything comes right at last in this calm, well-balanced, well-told story, and it is well worth reading—if not quite so very well worth reading as Mr. Norris's stories usually are.

#### THE MAN OF DESTINY.

**The Cross of Honour**, by Mary Openshaw. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THIS second book of Miss Openshaw's confirms the promise of her first. She has the peculiar gift of writing history as if it had happened and that which is not history as if it were. *The Cross of Honour* has Napoleon for its chief figure. Whether in the foreground or background of the story, he dominates it throughout. The hero, among the crowd of brilliant figures who cross and recross this brilliant stage, is a young Polish nobleman whose love and life go down together, as did those of myriads, before the ruthless miracle of Napoleon's progress through the world. The time is the time when Napoleon was posing as the saviour of Poland, and whatever he did or did not do for Poland, it was there and thence that he took from her home and husband the little Polish Countess Marie Walewska, whom some say he loved better than any of the women who crossed his path. She is the heroine of this daring and touching narrative. It ends with her surrender and the suicide of her cousin over the Cross of Honour sent him by the "Conqueror." But many other figures are woven into Miss Openshaw's conception. She takes the hotly contested view that Charles Louis de Bourbon did in truth live to be a man, and she shows him, a poor epileptic, at the mercy of the schemer and spy, Gonthier, living incognito in poverty in Warsaw, but destined still to cross the orbits of those to whom so strange a fate has given his kingdom. The secondary interest, touching the lives of the humble little sister and her gallant hussar, is as ably managed as the rest; and the pictures of the campaign and of the plotting and inter-plotting around the Court are drawn with singular skill and an absence of effort or anxiety very unusual in a book dealing with events and people so great and so well known. But its supreme interest is the story of the long besieging of Marie Walewska and her long resistance and distress, and of the spell that Napoleon's tremendous personality gradually works round her innocence and gentleness. An exceedingly interesting story this, beautifully and faithfully written, and dealing keenly and touchingly with a deeply interesting period in the life of the most extraordinary man the world has seen.

#### CORNWALL IN A CARAVAN.

**The Idyll of an Idler**, by Mrs. F. Reynolds. (Everett and Co.)

A PARTY of young people, all very innocent and somewhat characterless, go caravanning in Cornwall. Their adventures are rather mild and so, it must be owned, are their jokes; but there is an air of kindly happiness and young love about it all that redeems the simple naiveté of the tale and its lack of incident. It has clearly been woven round actual experiences (with a list of resulting "Hints"), which should be of use to those who contemplate a similar undertaking; and since the party apparently emerged without rheumatism from the serious wettings which were (if we except the loss of four hearts) the worst things that happened to them, the result should be encouraging to the most nervous.

#### HARD AND FAST.

**How She Played the Game**, by Lady Napier of Magdala. (John Murray.)

A RATHER stereotyped tale of a rather uninteresting young woman this—but readable and amiable. The lines are all drawn hard. Lady Price is irredeemably vulgar, the Countess irredeemably wicked, her brother unfalteringly unscrupulous, Sir John impeccably chivalrous, and so on—while Jean, the heroine, is beautiful and brave and honourable, and unfortunate and persecuted right through the book—and "Lady Moorland" in the last chapter of it! Still, it is not half a bad story, and the author sees clearly and definitely what she does see, at any rate, and makes her readers see it too.

#### FAMILIAR FIGURES.

**The Girl from His Town**, by Marie van Vorst. (Mills and Boon.)

THIS is not a very deep or nerve-shattering narrative, and its figures are familiar. The little American actress with a soul greater than her genius, the simple clean-minded handsome boy from her "State" with a capital of ten million dollars and a heart as unspoiled as the dawn, the *blase* immoral English duchess who first captures him, the wicked Hungarian prince who hovers around the little actress, the rugged Ruggles, the boy's father's friend, who tries to save him from her and nearly succeeds, only to find that there is nothing to save him from—all these are types that have danced before to a novelist's piping, and finished their course before, as these do, to the tune of young love triumphant and wedding bells. But they are dealt with by Miss van Vorst with verve and vigour. They are made interesting, touching and spontaneous; and the boy hero and the little actress come so near missing each other and the happiness

she means for him and the safety he means for her, that the reader remains anxious to the very end and lays the book down at last with a sense of gratitude to Miss van Vorst for allowing it to close happily.

#### THE REVERSE OF A COOK.

**The Valley of Achor.** by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. (Mills and Boon.)

THAT a man may claim to have made a great scientific and geographically important journey and that he may be acclaimed for it, honoured for it and feted for it, and yet never have made it at all, the world has had recent proofs. That he might make such a journey and not be believed to have made it, and, having no proof of his achievement save the word of a servant, stand disgraced and discredited before all men, is equally possible, perhaps; though the chances that prevented there being one witness, either white or native, whom Nigel Pitcairn could call to testify to his honesty are sufficiently unlikely to put some strain upon the credulity of the reader. Still, that is the story of *The Valley of Achor*, and, as of old, the Valley of Achor led to the "door of hope." All the world fell away from Nigel in the hour of his disgrace, including Portia, the beautiful ambitious woman to win whom he had done what he had done, and whom it would have been a highly serious business for any man to have married. The real friend and the right woman—Nancy, neither beautiful nor ambitious, but unfaltering in her faith and unfailing in her care—come up the Valley of Achor to meet Nigel. The friend is a great medical scientist who loves Portia too, but who is man enough to reinstate her lover, though it means his own loss. Nigel falls horribly ill, and the scientist discovers in his blood a parasite with a name as appalling as its effect, which Nigel could have picked up nowhere save in the country through which no one believes him to have travelled. Thus is justice done and the truth made known, not only to the world about Nigel, but to Nigel about Portia. She returns to him, confident and serene, when the world does; but Nigel cares no more for either, and Nancy comes to her own. The idea of the tale is good. It might perhaps have been used with greater effect and aroused greater interest had there been shown a stronger power of resistance,

and, consequently, a more convincing struggle, in the characters affected by the events; but it is a good story and a clever notion, and brings about unusual situations of which much is made.

#### TRUST.

**A Saint in Mufti.** by Carlton Dawe. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE chief figure in this story is that of a middle-aged man, who has, in spite of bad fortune and disreputable surroundings, remained a gentleman. He is not an uncommon type in novels. Thackeray did him once and for all, so to speak, in Colonel Newcome. The gentle simplicity of the type, and a certain unquestioning acceptance of the fact that there are one or two standards below which not the utmost vindictiveness of fortune should make a man fall, are chiefly to be met with among soldiers; and Major Sarning is a very good specimen of his kind. His companions in the Bohemian poverty-stricken life to which he is reduced are very well drawn; and so is Betty, with whom the story is chiefly concerned. The Major rescues her from the streets and brings her home to the boarding-house where he and his strange friends "hang out." Through difficulties and dangers he keeps his hold on her, facing ever the furious and dire Mrs. Nuttall, fighting Bob Langford for her, and in the end he has the reward of his chivalry and faith. Betty's passionate gratitude to the man who has saved her changes into devotion, and before the book closes the dark days are over for the Major—and for Betty with him. It is a human story, full of faith in man, and in the ultimate victory of righteousness.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Rambles in Surrey, by J. Charles Cox. (Methuen.)  
Golden Days in Many Lands, by Winifred H. Leys. (Methuen.)  
Mountain Adventures, by G. D. Abraham. (Methuen.)  
The Lost Halo, by Percy White. (Methuen.)  
Wrack, by Maurice Drake. (Duckworth.)  
Sir George's Objection, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Nelson.)

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### MISS LEITCH AND MR. HILTON.

THE *Ladies' Field* has decidedly given the golfing world something to look forward to by arranging for a match of seventy-two holes to be played between Miss Cecil Leitch and Mr. Hilton, in which the gentleman is to give the lady nine strokes a round. Often and often has the question been discussed, "How many strokes can the best men give the best women?" Very contradictory opinions have been expressed, because there have generally been very insufficient data to go upon. Now the question is to be decided by a solemn match, in which chivalry will not be allowed to play too large a part. Both sexes have an admirable champion. Mr. Hilton has been playing very fine golf for some time past, while Miss Leitch, if she has not yet won the championship, is certainly as brilliant a player as is to be found in the ranks of the ladies. The match is to be played over Walton Heath and Sunningdale, and if Miss Leitch wins, the crestfallen men will certainly not be able to allege that she won because she played on a short course. From a lady's point of view, these two are probably more severe than any seaside courses, because when it comes to forcing the ball out of tenacious heather, brute force must play a considerable part in the performance. Heavy ground is very much against a lady; but since the match is to be played in October, both courses should be in reasonably good running order.

#### BRAID AS A PROPHET.

Not only will the honour and glory of both sexes be at stake, but also the open champion's reputation as a prophet. Not long since, Braid wrote a very interesting article in the *Ladies' Field*, in which he gave it as his considered

opinion that the best of male amateurs could not give the best of ladies more than a third, or perhaps seven strokes, the extra stroke being thrown in in case of a high wind, which must naturally be all against a beskirted golfer. He added that he himself should not be at all sanguine about the result if he had to give eight strokes to one of the lady champions. It is to be observed that Braid had no actual results to go upon, since he has never engaged a lady champion in single combat. He has played, however, in some three and four ball matches with distinguished lady players, particularly with Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie, the present champion, for whose play he has the greatest admiration. He played the better ball of Miss Grant-Suttie, her sister and Lord Walter Lennox, giving them the odds of one-third, and, after some terrific combats, ended by having something the worst of it. At present the matter can only be summed up after the manner of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who told the jury that if the plaintiff was right it was clear the defendant was wrong. Either Mr. Hilton has undertaken a herculean task, or else the innate chivalry of the open champion's disposition has led him into error.



SIR GEORGE GIBB.



## SOME PREVIOUS MATCHES.

There are not, as we have said, very satisfactory data in the way of historical records. Mr. Hilton played several matches some years ago with Miss Hezlet and Miss Rhona Adair (now Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Cuthell respectively), conceding the odds of a half, and had, on the whole, the best of it, save once when Miss Adair beat him. On the other hand, Miss Leitch's admirers may point to the fact that she played both Mr. Lassen and Mr. Fowler over Walton Heath, and that those two redoubtable gentlemen gave her a third and received in return a very sufficient beating. We remember one match of the kind that was played just before the amateur championship of 1903 at Muirfield, and was followed by a large and appreciative gallery. That fine golfer, Mr. Alexander Stuart, whose name may be almost unknown to some of the very modern players of to-day, made a welcome reappearance on the links, and attempted to give a third to Miss Adair. In this match there was but one in it, and that one not the male golfer, for Miss Adair won very comfortably; if we remember aright, by some four up and three to play. She certainly played delightful golf to watch, but it must be said that Mr. Stuart was playing very badly, and was on that day but a shadow of his old self. The question clearly cannot be solved on *a priori* grounds. We want deeds, not words, and we may hope to see some very doughty ones in October.

## MR. JOHN BALL AGAIN.

There was a meeting at Hoylake the other day with the Lubbock scratch medal to play for, and Mr. John Ball promptly came out and won it. His score of 77 would be under any circumstances thoroughly sound, and on this occasion it was a particularly good one, because at the third or "Long" hole the amateur champion required eight strokes to hole out. He played very fine golf after that disaster, and his home-coming round of 35, made up of six fours, two threes and one solitary five at the "Dun," represents really perfect play. Eight cannot daunt that most dauntless of golfers, and it was only last year at St. Anne's that he began his round with some such inauspicious figure and finished in 73. That third hole where the *debacle* occurred has done many grim pieces of work in its time. It was there that Taylor came to terrible grief when he was hard on Masy's heels in the year in which the Frenchman won the championship. There are so many unpleasant things that may happen to one. In Taylor's case it was a complication of pot bunkers and rushes on the right-hand side of the course, but probably the more terrible trouble lies on the left. There is a characteristic Hoylake "Cop," a grass bank with precipitous sides, and at the foot of the Cop is a sandy trench. When a ball runs into the trench it almost inevitably nestles close under that wall of turf, whence it is extremely difficult to dislodge it. A left-handed player has a reasonable chance of doing so, but for ordinary right-handed people there is often nothing for it but to scrape the ball out backwards. We remember to have seen Mr. Ball play a wonderful shot, jumping from the top of the Cop and hitting the ball as he was in mid-air; but that is emphatically not a stroke for ordinary people.

## NEW CHAMPIONS FOR OLD.

There seems to be one country in the world where the poor down-trodden amateur can hold his own at golf. For the last three years the open championship of Australia has been won by an amateur. In 1907 it was won by Mr. Michael Scott, who had also won it two years before. In 1908 it was won by Mr. Clyde Pearce, and in 1909 by Mr. C. Felstead. This year the professionals have turned the tables, and the championship fell to Carnegie Clarke, a Scottish professional, who has been some years in the country and has been champion before. Mr. Michael Scott, of course, learnt his game in England, but Mr. Pearce and Mr. Felstead are particularly interesting as being purely native products. Mr. Pearce won his championship at the precocious age of twenty, while Mr. Felstead is interesting as being a left-handed player. There have been a very large number of left-handed champions in the world lately, for besides Mr. Felstead, Mr. Peter Gannon usually "surprises by himself" several champions. In the present year he has held at one and the same time those of France, Austria and Switzerland, which may be termed a very reasonable bag. This week, however, one of these titles has been torn from him, for Lord Lurgan beat him in the semi-final of the Swiss championship at St. Moritz.

## SIR GEORGE GIBB.

Sir George Gibb is a very well-known figure among the golfers of Wimbledon. He lives in an almost ideal situation close to the old course and the new, so that he can disport himself at will either among the red-coated players on the common or in the rustic seclusion of the new course. His house, which has the picturesque name of By Caesar's Camp, stands close to the third hole on the new course; a hole, by the way, which is quite one of the very best of those that come under the despised category of "a drive and a pitch." Apart from golf, Sir George has been, as everyone knows, a person of multifarious industries. Originally a solicitor, he controlled for some years the fortunes of the North Eastern Railway. Then he came South and contributed to the comfort of many Londoners by looking after that prop of their existence, the "Underground." Now he is the Chairman of the Road Board, which is to improve and develop our roads for us.

## KENNEL NOTES.

## DISTEMPER IN FOXHOUNDS.

**Y**EAR by year distemper continues to take a heavy toll of the young entry in foxhound kennels, the aggregate loss being very serious. Only the other day the Rev. E. A. Milne, Master of the Cattistock, had the unpleasant task of announcing that over twenty couples had succumbed to an epidemic, and I am afraid that his experience is not a solitary one. This fact renders it all the more imperative that something should be done to cope with a scourge that is continually doing so much mischief. The Commission appointed by the Board of Agriculture to enquire into the subject is still sitting, and I suppose the disposition of the majority of people will be to await the report which is such a long time coming. If the delay is due to bacteriologists making experiments with preventive serums or vaccines, we have no cause to grumble, as it would be unwise to commend anything that had not been subjected to the severest tests. It is scarcely likely that any more evidence remains to be taken upon a matter that is so familiar to all Masters of Hounds and dog-breeders.

Some nine years ago the Masters of Foxhounds' Association elected a sub-committee to consider if anything could be done, and Dr. Blaxall was appointed to make investigations. At the outset the enquiry promised some useful results, Dr. Blaxall announcing details of experiments "showing that dogs may be practically immunised against distemper." Thus, five puppies immunised, together with a sixth not treated, were exposed to infection. The latter contracted the disease in a severe form, while the remainder showed only slight symptoms, and speedily recovered. Dr. Blaxall considered that he had found an organism in dogs suffering from distemper which appeared to be very closely connected with the disease, and this, in several experiments, gave results which offered strong suggestion that it was the specific organism of distemper. With culture of this organism and its toxins prepared by bacteriological methods he carried on experiments to see whether by its means dogs could be immunised. Speaking from memory, and therefore subject to correction, I am under the impression that the investigations did not turn out as promising as had been expected, and that the matter was dropped, with the very practical suggestion from Dr. Blaxall that all kennels should be equipped with an infirmary that could be heated. Certainly it seems to me that no establishment can be considered complete unless it has attached a hospital for sick hounds. The building should be well away from the others, in order to minimise the chance of infection being carried, and the attendants on the dogs should be made to wear overalls, covering boots and trousers, which could be removed when work in the hospital was over. As economical and satisfactory a way as any of obtaining heat is by means of an anthracite stove which will keep going through the night without being made up. Except in very warm weather, it is almost a hopeless task setting about nursing distemper unless the patients can be kept thoroughly warm in a roomy, well-ventilated chamber that can be heated artificially. It is the greatest fallacy in the world to imagine that warmth under such conditions is coddling. To attempt to cure distemper in a temperature below sixty degrees is but to court failure, and even then the hounds should be coated with gamgee wool and flannel. If this is done, we are giving them a fair chance from the outset, and there is not so much reason to anticipate pneumonia or one of the other sequels which prove so fatal. Everyone who has had anything to do with the complaint knows that it is the complications that do the mischief, and no one can tell at the beginning the form these may take. After all, the expense is insignificant compared with the loss that may otherwise be incurred.

The subject is of such grave importance that I may be forgiven for referring once again to the vaccine made by Dr. Monckton Copeman, which is declared by those who have used it to be effectual. Dr. Copeman at an earlier date proceeded much on the same lines as Dr. Blaxall, working partly in conjunction with the late Sir Everett Millais. It seems to me that the credentials of this vaccine are sufficiently good to warrant extensive trials being given to it. If its efficacy is not what it is thought, the fact would soon be known. In the meantime we have to muddle along as best we can. Possibly something might be done to prevent contagion being brought in from walk if the temperature of every hound were taken as it came in. Should it be above normal, the suspect should be quarantined for at least fourteen days to see if anything developed.

## BREEDING HOUNDS.

The arduous duties of a foxhound make such drafts upon his constitution that one must be very careful in the selection of breeding stock. Not only do we want to use dogs and matrons that are good at the work, but we have to see that they have sound physique at the back of them. It is inadvisable to use an oldish dog or bitch, but at the same time both should be of a reasonable maturity. To my mind, from two to five years old is the best time, although at the latter age the bitch is beginning to decline in usefulness. The age of the dog is less material so long as he is healthy and vigorous, but if he shows signs of ageing or any infirmities he should be retired. From statistics compiled by "Stonehenge" we learn that three year old greyhound bitches have produced the most winners of big events, from which age there is a steady decline, the four year old and five year old figures, however, being sufficiently satisfactory for practical purposes. After five it will usually be found that the number in a litter and the size of the whelps begin to fall away.

## FIELD TRIALS.

The Kennel Club and the International Gun-dog League, in their endeavours to promote an interest in field trials, offer very substantial prizes for competition. At one of these meetings a first prize of seventy pounds is to be won, with the other awards in proportion, and at several the premiums are but slightly less. Of course, at the smaller meetings, promoted by local associations, it is not possible to give so much money; but even there the prizes are satisfactory. Apart entirely from the cash that may be won in this manner, the fact of a man having a strong kennel adds very materially to the value of his stock. It is satisfactory to know that the interest in gun-dog work seems to be on the increase. The International Gun-dog League has just held a successful meeting over Lord Home's Lanarkshire shooting, at which the most successful owner was Mr. A. T. Williams of Baglan House, Briton Ferry, this gentleman continuing the remarkable sequence of wins which distinguished him last season. His English setters, bearing the affix of Gerwn, have done remarkably well. The Irish Red Setter Club's fixture is also a thing of the past. With commendable catholicity stakes are provided for other varieties of setter as well as pointers. A good entry faced the judges on Mr. W. Wilson's

moors near Stranorlar, County Donegal. The Kennel Club's field trials for retrievers take place on October 4th and following days over Mr. John Kerr's shooting at Gaddesden, near Boxmoor. Sixty applications were received for nominations in the All-aged Stakes for twenty-one dogs or bitches, and among those fortunate enough to draw one were the Duchess of Hamilton, who will no doubt run one of her Labradors, Lord Helmsley, Lord Vivian, Lieutenant-Colonel Cotes, Colonel G. H. Weller, Mr. A. E. Butter and Mr. J. G. Mair-Rumley. The first prize in these stakes is fifty pounds. For the Junior Stakes for thirteen dogs thirty-six applications came in, Lord Vivian again being successful in the draw. It is to be hoped that anyone not being able to use his nomination will return it in good time, in order that the one next in sequence may receive adequate notice. I have heard of returned nominations reaching men too late for them to make use of the opportunity which they had much wished to get.

#### THE COATS OF TERRIERS.

The Hard and Wire-haired Terrier Association is doing its best to carry out the objects for which it was formed, and the executive notify their willingness to consider any applications from show committees for their coat certificates. The only stipulation is that the classification shall be satisfactory, and that a judge shall be appointed who, in the opinion of a sub-committee, is a competent authority on coats. It is desired that the certificates shall be available in every part of the kingdom. In the course of time the operations of the association should do much to improve the texture and strength of coat of wire-haired terriers, and for this reason it is deserving of every encouragement. The hon. secretary is Mr. J. H. Wright, Sefton Villa, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury. A. CROXTON SMITH.

## THE EXPEDITION TO THE SNOW MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

#### LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Total amount received or promised up to July 22nd, 1910	£	s.	d.
His Majesty's Government	4,000	0	0
COUNTRY LIFE	105	0	0
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Viscount Cranley	1	0	0
Viscountess Cranley	1	0	0
Total	£8,491	8	6

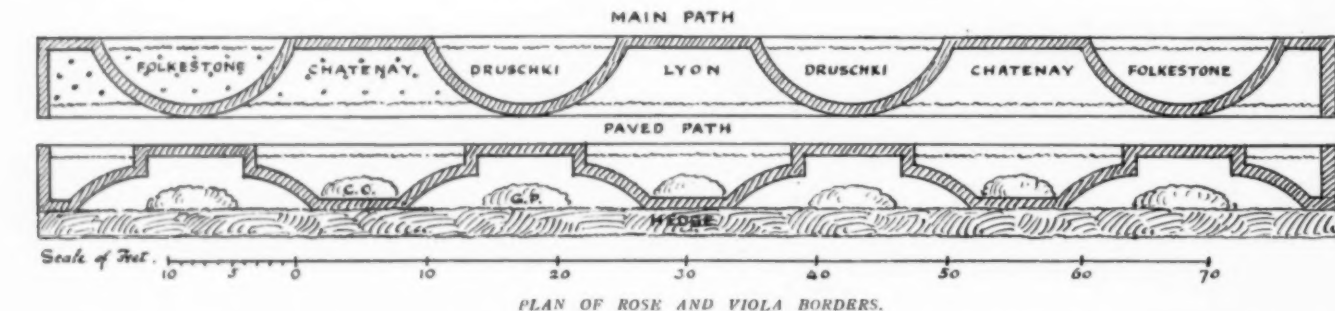
All further subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged and published in subsequent numbers of COUNTRY LIFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ROSE AND PANSY BORDERS. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am making a Rose-bed this season, and would be very grateful for suggestions. It is to be on the far side of what is now the bottom path of the garden, dividing the latter from what was part of a field sloping downwards, but which I am taking in as an orchard, but not planted yet. The opposite side of the path to the proposed Rose-bed is a broad herbaceous border; the length is one hundred

yards. The edging to the border would be London Pride, which I find admirable here for the purpose. The bed would be divided up into twenty, each lot four yards long, and a dividing line of London Pride taking, roughly, a yard, the depth to take three Roses, so that there would be twelve in each bed, one variety in each; the back is to be a narrow stone path, and on the other side of this I think of having beds of Violas and Pansies, the varieties being kept separate like the Roses, and at the back of them a three-foot-six-inch hedge, either Myrobellina or Privet; it will be quite formal-looking on purpose. Roses.—I have most of these already in various places, viz., Frau Karl Druschki, Caroline Testout, Sharnman Crawford, Paul Neyron, Magna Charta, Mme. Ravary, Progres, Hugh Dickson, C. J. Grahame, Grüss an Teplitz, Gloire Lyonnaise, Killarney, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Margaret Dickson, Chedane Guinoisseau, Marie van Houtte (these two latter I do not fancy much for the purpose), and I have a number of mixed Noisettes that I think of putting in one of the beds, and as I would have two beds of Frau Karl Druschki I only want two or three other varieties; I think of the Lyon Rose for one, and also that the others should be of this type, and not pink or red. What would you fancy? As regards the Violas, I am rather afraid that though they will not be a chief border they will be a little monotonous for one hundred yards; but as they will have the hedge behind them, anything to mix with them must be low-growing, blooming at the same time and growing under partial shade; this will not be much, as the bed runs east and west, and sloping towards the south, the sun will not throw much shadow from a low hedge. The divisions between the Viola beds and for the space one foot or so from the hedge I think of making of Alpine Strawberries—not for the sake of the fruit but for the perennial foliage. Any hints would be very much esteemed by—J. M.



PLAN OF ROSE AND VIOLA BORDERS.

[We give a plan embodying the requirements of your Rose and Viola borders, but with some alterations, that will probably be found an improvement. The length (one hundred feet) is given, but not any definite width; but following the indications of your sketch, the Rose-bed is shown six feet wide and the Pansy bed five feet. It is a capital idea to use Alpine Strawberry for the divisions of the Pansy-bed. With regard to this border, if the divisions are set out with some feeling for design, as shown, and part of each space is filled with a patch of some other good plant, as you propose, the actual places for the Pansies will be pleasantly reduced, and if light and dark colours are used alternately—the dark preferably in those that have their longer areas next the hedge—there will be no effect of monotony. The plants advised for use in the back of each division are, alternately, Campanula carpatia and the good garden form of Geranium pratense, one of the handsome Cranesbills with purple-blue flowers. These

should be in patches of seven or nine plants each. They are shown on the plan as "C. C." and "G. P." respectively. The whole design of both borders would come out much better and clearer for the introduction of a third kind of edging plant of quite another colour and character. For such use Stachys lanata is unequalled. It is shown on the plan not hatched over and with a ragged inner line. For the Roses the fine Lyon might fill the middle place, with Frau Karl Druschki next on each side. Following this the best to have would be Mme. Abel Chatenay, perhaps the most beautiful of all Roses, and one that can hardly be too often repeated. After that the older, but always excellent, Viscountess Folkestone is advised for its good flesh white colour and long season of bloom. The end spaces might have your spare Noisettes. The main Roses are in twelves, not twenties, as you proposed; but twelve at a time is enough to show what any good Rose will do, and the divisions as in the plan break up the length in good proportion.—ED.]

#### ARCHITECTURAL COPYRIGHT. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As your note in last week's issue justly says, the proposed extension of copyright to works of architecture bristles with difficulties. This seems especially the case with the ownership of the copyright. Having designed a mantel-piece for A's house, shall I need his permission if I wish to use the same design for B's? If so, an enormous amount of unnecessary work will be thrown on an already overburdened profession. A very great architect of last century used to say that he preferred to design a house on the lines of one he had already built, so that he could profit by his own mistakes. Will not the new Bill discourage this obvious method of architectural development? The general idea of protecting architects from the plagiarism now prevalent is a good one, but a dual ownership in the copyright of buildings seems to be contemplated, and it is doubtful whether this is workable, even if it were desirable—E. L. LUTYENS.

#### [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is not your note on the subject of architectural copyright rather too pessimistic? Whatever the apparent objections, some remedy is called for, and we cannot do better than proceed on the idea that difficulties exist in order to be overcome. What I have in mind is two flagrant cases, one a single-storey residence reproduced wholesale, and the other an architect's own house caricatured next door to the instructions of a client whom ordinary good feeling should have led to employ the author of a design which she admired in so indiscriminate a fashion. The point is the old one that we know, sin by the existence of the law, and the authors of the outrages in question stand in need of enlightenment of this practical character. Probably few, if any, cases would come into court, but at present we are in the position that such things are done and are justified as well. A small builder was once heard to remark to an architect that he liked to have his plans in his office; they were useful, and he did not think there









should be any copyright in ideas. As he was not supplying any himself, his attitude might be regretfully understood. The national advantage is to protect the originator of ideas, and this is to be done by making it possible for him to earn a living. After all, what is our record in the monetary treatment accorded to some of our best artists, and how far is this due to the Gallic attitude of our English law?—ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your note of last week with regard to the architectural provisions of the new Copyright Bill has sent me to the text of its obscure proposals. They are evidently a step in the right direction, and if anything can be done to prevent speculative builders, and even some architects, from reproducing work of others without acknowledgment, they contain the kernel of an excellent Act. While I am in general sympathy with the Bill, it appears to me that there will be great difficulties in enforcing some of its provisions in actual practice. If a building be copied in its main outlines with, however, these minor changes in design, which would be inevitable owing to differences in sites, will these changes make the infringer safe against legal proceedings? If the copyright be vested in the architect, as the creator of the work, will the building owner be prevented from making subsequent alterations without the architect's consent? As the Bill at present stands, it seems to provide no answer to these questions, and it is obviously desirable that they and other dubious points shall be thoroughly thrashed out before it becomes Law.—E. GUY DAWBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The last sentence in your second paragraph on architectural copyright says, "the best feature of the proposals," in the Copyright Bill, "is that they do honour to the status of architecture as an art." I believe the direct opposite is true. By claiming protection for architectural production you drag it down to the level of commercialism. An artist is more or less the product of his time, and certainly deeply indebted to all artists that have gone before him. Moreover, architectural art is a development, and though it is easy for an architect to tell what in his work is *not* entirely his own, he can never denote with any certainty what is. Furthermore, the artistic temperament must ever be producing, putting forth and giving; generosity of spirit is essential. The poorest struggling artist feels he must put forth his best whether it be rewarded or not. This is a feeling to encourage. A true love of beauty naturally seeks to see beauty scattered broadcast. It is the selfish commercial instinct that would wish to limit the production of beauty for personal gain. Therefore architecture as an art must be dishonoured by encouraging the artist to regard his productions of beauty from a commercial point of view. Nothing so degrades the artist as the thought of reward while at his work. When done let him by all means attend to the commercial side of his life as a necessary consequence of his labour. But the production of beauty must be his main and primary concern, and he should welcome all the benefit his fellow creatures are able to derive from his labour, even the influence for good that the feeble imitator may glean. We need, too, to stimulate the artist to fresh effort and foster living art, not dead imitations. Let him ever feel that it behoves him to create fresh beauty before the imitator has time to tread on his heels. Mr. Justice Scrutton (than whom there is no greater living authority on the subject of copyright) says in his note appended to his signature to the Report of the Committee on the Law of Copyright, "I have a strong view against the inclusion of architecture as a subject matter of protection. I see great difficulties in the trial of what are new and original houses or features of houses, and equal difficulties in the remedies; and I agree with the view of the Commissioners of 1878 that architecture should not be included." It is perhaps worthy of note that Section 7 of the Bill, which is entitled "Remedies in the Case of Architecture," if correctly printed, expressly excludes any protection to architecture.—C. F. A. VOYSEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I observe that in the report of the committee which considered the new proposals as to architectural copyright, Mr. Justice Scrutton noted the extreme difficulty in deciding what are new and original houses. Your note of last week seemed to suggest a doubt as to whether the bench of judges is competent to decide such purely aesthetic questions. Given the desirability of affording copyright protection to architecture, it is surely inevitable that a tribunal composed of experts in matters architectural should be set up to settle such knotty points as would be raised by the working of the Act. The tribunal which hears appeals arising under the London Building Acts, would, perhaps, serve both



A ROOF OF NESTS

as a precedent and as a model.—G. C.

#### A "WILD" SQUIRREL.

TO THE EDITOR.  
SIR,—I beg to enclose a photograph of a wild squirrel that feeds out of my hand.—MONTAGU WALDO SIBTHORP.



TEA-TIME.

#### COCCIDIOSIS IN PHEASANTS

TO THE EDITOR.  
SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. Shipley's article on "Coccidiosis in Pheasants." I am thankful to say we have not been troubled with that disease here, but I hear that one keeper on a neighbouring estate has lost over a thousand young birds this season from what

they call there "enteric," but which I have no doubt is the disease on which Mr. Shipley writes. I quite agree with all the remedies proposed; but where pheasants are reared on a very large scale some of them are impracticable and would not be called for if other things are attended to. Thoroughly disinfecting all nesting-boxes, coops, runs, feeding-boards and drinking-pans is the first thing to be considered. A very important point is healthy hens to sit upon the eggs. I think the fowl-runs and fowl-houses are too often neglected and not lime-washed and cleaned out as often as they should be. I am quite sure that it is a bad practice to confine fowls in a wired-in enclosure. The land after a time becomes foul and breeds disease. The coops with the young pheasants should be placed on a nice piece of healthy land, and, if possible, a fresh piece of land every year, and the land of the previous year ploughed up and oats put in with some seeds to make a fresh healthy layer to put the birds on another year. Strips of mustard and buckwheat are also excellent crops to put in for the young birds to run in, and also help to clean the land. The disinfection of the land by lime, burning or saturating with sulphuric acid would, I daresay, be a good thing, but it would take too long and be too costly a process.—SYDNEY MORRIS, Wretham Hall, Thetford, Norfolk.

#### A LATE NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice that you have had several letters upon this subject recently, and venture to contribute the following item from my own knowledge. About two miles from St. Albans is a house with a large yew tree growing beside it, at which I was staying during last week-end—that is, on August 12th, 13th and 14th. I was very much amused by the assiduous labours of a pair of wrens, who at that late period of summer were still busily employed in feeding their young. The latter were not fledged until Sunday, and they could scarcely be called fledged then, because in their eagerness for food they rushed out of the nest, which was placed on the main stem of the yew tree and about halfway up, on a level with my bedroom window, and in consequence tumbled down on the lawn beneath, where they hopped about for some time, after being caught and admired. They ought not to have left the parental stronghold until Tuesday or Wednesday at the earliest. Is not this a case of very late nesting for the wren? I am aware that later dates have been given; but the occurrence in August of this year is notable as being one of many to show the tendency towards late hatching in a great number of species.—G. A.

#### BLUE EGGS IN A TERN'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent's query as to whether the common tern lays a blue egg, seeing that he found a nest containing two normal and one blue egg, I might say that it is quite a common occurrence to find one, or even two, of these blue eggs in a clutch of three, but very rare to find the whole clutch blue, although I have done so more than once. Eggs with a white ground are also seen. In a colony of black-headed gulls such blue eggs are often seen, either one or two, but very rarely three in one clutch. I have never seen them in the case of the Sandwich tern or lesser black-backed gull, but have seen a full clutch of blue greater black-backed gull's eggs, the latter being very rare, if not unique.—H. W. ROBINSON.

#### OLD SUSSEX COTTAGE AT HANKUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While taking the enclosed photograph a few days ago I was struck with the remarkable fact that almost every hole in the old thatched roof contained a nest. Birds, chiefly starlings and sparrows, were as busy as bees in a hive, in and out, some feeding their young and some building their nests, and as the whole of the roof is perforated in a similar manner to the front shown in the photograph I concluded there must be at least one hundred nests in this roof alone. I thought it might find a place in your columns. The cottage is near Eastbourne, at Hankum—or, perhaps more properly, Handcombe—and is known as Lusteds.—JAS. COSTER.

## NO FRUIT, NO WASPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This year will long remain known by reason of the lack of fruit and the lack of wasps. And yet in the spring there was every indication of a normal supply of both. In the early days of spring when the queen wasps appear I can generally get a fairly heavy capture. One place is where they visit an old elm board on an outbuilding to gather the tender wood for paper-making and nest-building. This board, some ten feet up, would be out of reach were it not that the wasps make most inviting targets for an air-rifle. A little later the favourite assembly for the queen wasps is on some snowball bushes when they break into bloom. If there are any bees in the neighbourhood they will likewise be found on the bushes. Captures were made here also in about the usual number, and it appeared as though this was to be a good wasp year. Since the spring I have hardly seen a wasp. There are no roadside nests for the rambling school children to stone, thus sometimes preparing a warm reception for the innocent passer-by, and one can stop and examine a hedgerow hollow pollard without being assaulted. The hornet also is becoming very rare; years may pass without a farm labourer discovering a nest. As regards fruit in the West of England, the prospects can now be fairly estimated—the gooseberry crop a failure, a fair crop of strawberries, an excellent crop of raspberries, black and red currants very variable (the latter very acid in flavour), plums an absolute failure, a few pears and the apple crop the biggest loss in recent years. There will be just a few Warner's Kings on the market; but cooking, dessert and vintage kinds are missing, in consequence of which the price of cider is steadily rising, and it is becoming rather difficult to obtain high-class ciders. There is still a lot of inferior cider on offer. In several districts considerable apprehension is being manifested as to the merits of the use of strong caustic washes for winter spraying. More than a suspicion is expressed that these are able to penetrate the waxy glue of the dormant winter buds and harm the interior, with the result that there is very little or no blossom the following spring, and what little there is does not set at all well.—ELDRIDGE WALKER.

## THE SOURCE OF THREE RIVERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that the stream of tourists appears to be diverted to South Africa, intending travellers may be glad to hear of one of the most beautiful places in that country, and one which is not too well known. This place is the Mont aux Sources, at the northern junction of Basutoland, Natal and the Orange River Colony. The Mont aux Sources is one of the highest peaks of the Drakensberg, over eleven thousand feet above sea-level, and derives its name from the fact that it is the source of the three rivers Tugela, Orange and Elands. The Tugela is the largest river in Natal, and the Orange the largest in South Africa. The plateau on the summit of this grand mountain ends on the eastern side in a precipice fully three thousand feet deep, and the view from it is magnificent in the extreme and not easily forgotten. The Tugela River falls over the edge in two waterfalls, one being two thousand feet, and can be traced for scores of miles winding into the distance through the beautiful country of Natal, which lies below like a map. The ascent and descent of Mont aux Sources are made almost



MONT AUX SOURCES.

entirely on horseback, Basuto ponies being used. These are sturdy little fellows, some twelve to thirteen hands high, very sure-footed and easy to ride. That the trip is not beyond the powers of the average individual is evinced by the fact that one member of a party which recently visited the Mont aux Sources was a little girl only five years old, who made the trip without any difficulty. I enclose two photographs which sufficiently illustrate the character of the scenery, and which I hope are suitable for reproduction.—NORBURY.

## A GROUSE FEEDING ON HEATHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As so much is being written about rearing grouse, I thought you might like to publish the enclosed photograph. It was taken by Dr. Morison at Aikenway of myself feeding a grouse with heather. The grouse always nipped off the green shoots of the heather at the end beyond the seeds. The photograph was taken about September 20th. A pair of grouse which had been hand-reared the year before brought up five young ones near the garden and I used to feed them daily. They were all quite tame and gave short calls to each other. The wire-netting was put up to keep them from getting near a small dog, as they are very pugnacious. They could go where they liked.—C. HARRISON ATKINSON.



DAILY HEATHER.

## CLEMATIS DYING OFF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I planted last autumn three clematises, viz., Jackmanii, Duchess of Edinburgh and Lucy Lemoine, in a raised bed in which I had fixed an iron framework, but regret that they have all died. The first one never got higher than about one foot, when it died, the second dying a few months later, after having grown two or three feet, while the strongest (the Jackmanii), after running right over the top of the framework, suddenly died off within a few days, after having up to that period appeared thoroughly healthy and strong. I should be greatly obliged if you would let me know what, in your opinion, is the cause of this unsatisfactory result. The iron is not painted, and has become rusty, as is usual. The bed is raised about one foot from the ground; but although this would tend to make the soil dry, yet we have had so much rain during the last month that a drought can hardly be the cause. Should you think that the plants will not grow on the iron framework, then I would esteem it a favour if you would advise me of the best way to put this right. I thought of winding the iron rods round with cane, but perhaps there is a better method, or would it be sufficient if the iron is painted?—C. S. BIEG.

[It is not uncommon for clematises to die off in this way, particularly during the first year or two after they are planted. The reason for them doing so is not known, as affected specimens examined do not show any traces of disease. We do not think the ironwork has anything to do with it, because plants frequently thrive when trained on iron, and others die in the way described when trained on woodwork. It would possibly help matters if some lime or chalk were mixed with the soil before more clematises are planted, using it at the rate of three pounds to each square yard of soil. Another important point is to avoid planting too deeply; the roots of clematises ought not to be placed more than two inches beneath the surface of the soil. We do not recommend painting the iron; this would possibly cause injury.—ED.]



WHERE THREE RIVERS RISE.





